

Published Monthly
\$1.00 a Year.

CHRISTMAS 1907.

Vol. VII. NO. 82.
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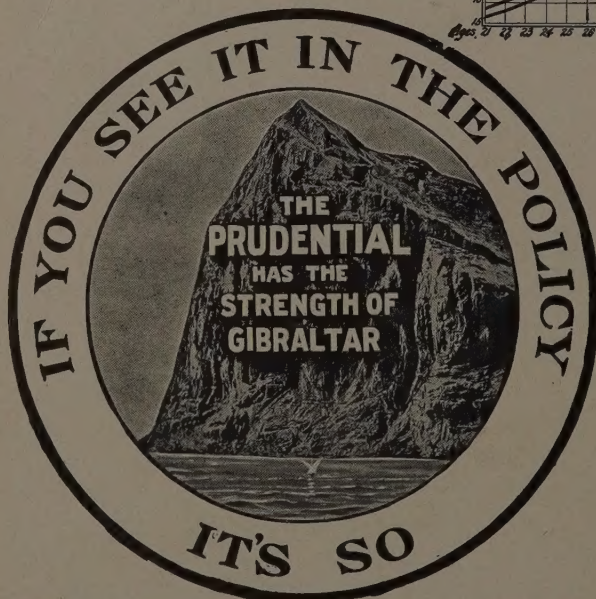
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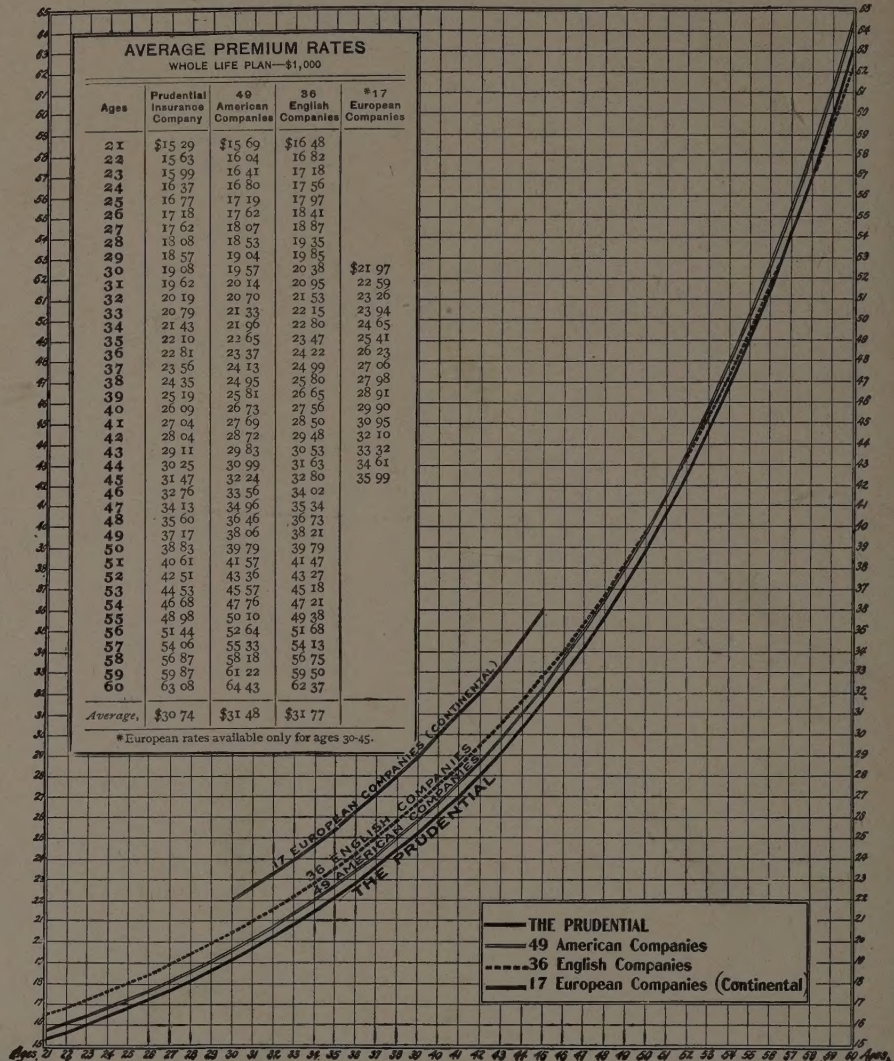
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New Dramatic Books

ANNALS OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE. From 1732 to 1897. By Henry Saxe Wyndham. In two volumes with forty-five illustrations. London. Chatto & Windus.

This is a most satisfactory of the most important and interesting theatre in the history of the English stage, with the single exception of Drury Lane. To have gone into detail concerning every manager and performer concerned would have required an encyclopedic amount of writing. Mr. Wyndham has happily combined everything essential to the historical record with ample details of the most interesting characters and productions made famous during a period of one hundred and seventy-five years. Mr. Wyndham makes free use of the reminiscences, observations and anecdotes and records by Geneste, Dibdin and others, and has added much that is new in his research among the documents and the newspapers of the times. In regard to criticism he quotes the following from a lecture delivered by Mr. R. W. Lowe in 1894:

"Young as, comparatively speaking, the newspaper was, the art of dramatic criticism was younger still. There were no properly qualified dramatic critics before the beginning of the century, and they were not common half a century ago. In Addison's day no one dreamed of criticising the plays in the newspapers. The playhouse advertisements were the only dramatic news which appeared as a rule, and these were, curiously enough, inserted gratis, probably as a matter of news. It is a curious fact that the *Daily Post* and the *Daily Courant* in the middle of last century contained announcements from stage managers informing the public that these two journals alone were supplied with correct information, and that all other announcements were obtained by hearsay, and were not to be trusted. In 1741 only a couple of lines in the most obscure corner of the paper announced the astounding furore which welcomed Garrick on to the London stage. When Garrick played a new part there were no two-column notices in the *Daily Telegraph* of the period; such dramatic criticism as existed found publicity in the shape of pamphlets. It was not until Leigh Hunt began to interest himself in the subject that true dramatic criticism began, and even during the career of celebrated critics like Hazlitt, Forster, Lewes and Oxenford dramatic criticism as now understood occupied a very small share in journalism. Delane told Oxenford not to introduce controversial matter into his theatre notices, because the *Times* was not the place for discussing such trivial matter as the merits or demerits of plays."

LE THEATRE AU COLLEGE DU MOYEN AGE À NOUVEAU. By L. V. Gofflot. Paris: Honoré Champion.

This is a scholarly work of research concerning college theatricals, one of its chapters being largely devoted to the activity of the French Club at Harvard University. Its scope extends from the performance of play at universities in the middle ages down to the present time. The history contains many curious details and traces the influence of the theatre on certain great dramatic geniuses in France: Corneille, Molière, Voltaire, and others. The book is presented to the public by a brilliant preface written by M. Jules Claretie, director of the Comédie Française. A large number of illustrations, among them hitherto unpublished engravings, contribute to the value of this complete volume in its special field. The work is supplemented by a valuable bibliography and it is altogether a volume that may be commended to the library of scholars.

W. S. GILBERT. By Edith A. Browne. With twenty-three illustrations. John Lane, London and New York. \$1.00 net.

This volume belongs to a series of illustrated biographies of the leading actors, actresses and dramatists, entitled "Stars of the Stage," edited by J. T. Grein. The personal recollections of the writer furnish us some new points of view as to the character and private life of Gilbert. Some of the anecdotes have not been told before, and Gilbert himself gave all needed assistance in the preparation of the work. It is a small volume, the greater part of it taken up with a succinct account of the Bab Ballads, the plays and the operas of Gilbert, with a sufficient number of extracts from them to afford most pleasant reading. The illustrations are, for the most part, entirely original and not before published. As a brief summary of the work of that one humorous writer of the English stage who stands out apart from all the others, it is a most interesting publication. In the same series have appeared biographies of Ellen Terry and Beerbohm Tree.

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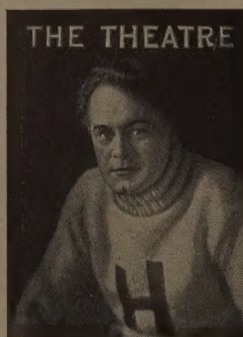
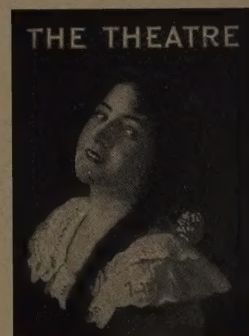
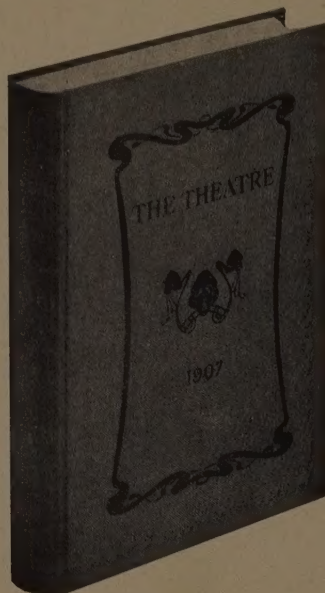
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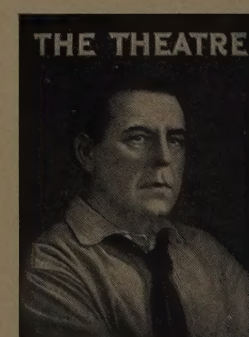
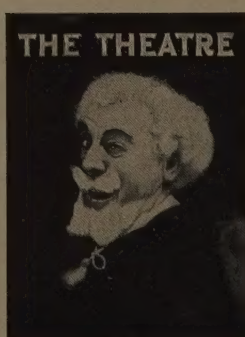
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THE TRUTH. A play in four acts. By Clyde Fitch. The Macmillan Company, New York and London. Seventy-five cents.

This play in its published form is particularly interesting by reason of the history of its production in New York and subsequently in London. It is claimed, and it has been made to appear, that the apparent failure in New York was more than counterbalanced by success in London. Indeed, the dedication is made to Marie Tempest, "with grateful admiration for her triumphant Becky." That Miss Tempest was applauded in the part that she made Becky live, for the first time, in conformity with Mr. Fitch's fine conception and skilful execution of his design, there can be no doubt. If changes have been made in the text, and if the play differs in any particular from what it was on its production in New York, the complete remedy of its defects has not been applied. Mr. Fitch's study of the feminine frailty of lying in this particular type of woman is admirable. That he is seen at his best in this play in so far as the study, both of character and manners, are concerned, is certain, but the play will always fail because of the ineptness of the plot and the wholly disagreeable nature of the woman. If Becky became involved in the complication of the action through a real desire and effort to bring together the husband and the wife, sympathy could be had for her. As it is, the wilful and real persistence in lies is, in effect, chaos. In its final summing up, as a performance, it will always be unsatisfactory. Nevertheless, it remains true that Mr. Fitch does and will retain his distinction as a dramatist of uncommon qualities.

THE DANCING GIRL. A drama in four acts. By Henry Arthur Jones. Published by Samuel French, 26 West Twenty-second street, New York. Cloth. 75 cents.

The publication of plays by living authors is much to be desired. It should be a matter of course that a successful play should be published. The form and style in which these plays are printed represent the most improved methods. The positions of the characters on the stage and their movements are printed on the margin of each page, other incidental "business" accompanying the text. The scene plots are given with diagrams, as also the property plot, the gas plot and the calls. In this way we have a prompt book of each play. The plays may be had in paper or in cloth binding.

PLAYS OF OUR FOREFATHERS AND SOME OF THE TRADITIONS UPON WHICH THEY WERE FOUNDED. By Charles Mills Gayley, Litt.D., LL.D., Professor of the English Language and Literature in the University of California. Duffield & Company, New York.

This is no doubt a book of infinite research and of great value to the student interested in the medieval drama. The book is a handsome one, with many curious illustrations and a most satisfactory index.

AN ESSAY ON THE DRAMA. By Osborn Rennie Lamb. The Ames & Rollison Press, 203 Broadway, New York.

In this little volume of about fifty pages Mr. Lamb discusses most entertainingly and convincingly a number of subjects that claim the attention of everyone interested in the drama, who at the same time give thought to the questions and aspects involved. The nature of the discussions may be seen from the headings of the chapters: The Aesthetic Essential in Drama; The Play of the People; Sympathy as a Dramatic Force; The Dramatic Power of Terror; Humor in Drama; Reflective Thought in Drama; Scenery and Music in Drama as an Aid to the Creation of Atmosphere. Mr. Lamb writes with simplicity and force and his contribution to the discussion of the subjects is worth the while.

THE ROMANTIC COMPOSERS. By Daniel Gregory Mason. The Macmillan Company, London and New York.

This is the third and final volume of a series of studies of composers and their music, from Palestrina to the present day, which was begun with "From Grieg to Brahms" and continued in "Beethoven and his Forerunners." In this volume Mr. Mason discusses romanticism in music and writes most entertainingly and instructively on Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Berlioz and Liszt. The chapters are biographical as well as critical, many anecdotes being given in illustration of character. Mr. Mason writes most illuminatingly and his volume cannot fail to enable the student to better appreciate these masters. While they will entertain and instruct the general reader, they have a particular value to him who has a technical knowledge of music.

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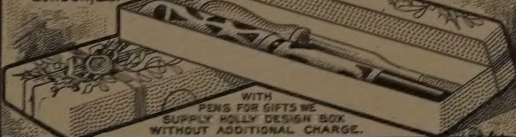
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THE THEATRE

VOL. VII.

DECEMBER, 1907

No. 82

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White

EDWARD H. SOTHERN AS RODION, THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

This play, written by Lawrence Irving and called by the curiously awkward title "The Fool Hath Said in His Heart There Is No God," is a dramatization of Dostoevsky's well-known novel "Crime and Punishment." An earlier dramatic version of this same story was produced at the Garrick Theatre in this city some ten years ago by the late Richard Mansfield.



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| Thalassa..... | Adele Block |
| Sappho | Bertha Kalich |

It was a severe blow to those who have been clamoring for a higher literary standard in the playhouse that Mr. Percy MacKaye's tragedy, "Sappho and Phaon," was withdrawn after seven performances at the Lyric Theatre. On its face this does not speak well for the artistic appreciation of the theatregoers of this city. But in spite of the more than liberal expenditure which Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske made on the production—and certainly a more exquisitely artistic and beautiful one never graced the local boards—there were reasons why it did not grip the public and force the attention that certain of its merits would seem to deserve.

The tragedy itself which Miss Bertha Kalich and her associates presented does not represent a theatrical quality calculated to call forth tremendous enthusiasm. Aside from the lyrical expression the story is thin and involved. What particular fascination the siren of Lesbos exercised over the fisherman Phaon is in Mr. MacKaye's poem an almost unknown quantity. It does not carry over the footlights. Sappho, that undefinable singer of the poetically erotic, is not a dramatic factor. Her relations with Phaon do not concert into a spirit of the moment. One must be informed into the traditions of her being, and in this respect, the tragedy loses force from the time the curtain rises. The tragedy of Sappho and Phaon is really only an important incident in the play which Mr. MacKaye has written. Here it is that Mr. Fiske as a producer has overlooked his opportunity. The prologue and the introduction should have been presented. By their portrayal the auditor would have been projected into the poetical idea. He or she would have been properly attuned to the spirit of the inspired lyricist and her affair with the enslaved Phaon. But aside from this, in the which the author must lock horns with the producer, the critical faculty must object to the manner of execution. Miss Kalich looked her rôle. She was a picture to the eye and her poses were a delight. But her readings were obscure. Her knowledge of English did not allow her to present Mr. MacKaye's verse with the clarity that its imagery and fancy demanded, and as Phaon Mr. Kolker was equally

at fault. His noisy and unintelligible utterance robbed the lines of their true meaning and metrical significance. In fact, there were scenes between them in which it was impossible to catch line after line above the din. Such rendering does not make for appreciation but exasperation. Fred Eric shone strongly out in this respect. He was admirable as Alcaeus in executive poise and dramatic effect, and there was impressive dignity to R. M. Dolliver's Priest of Poseidon and a mournful undertone to Adele Block's rendering of the deserted Thalassa. Charming sympathetic and natural was Gladys Hulette as the child Bion, sacrificed to the angry Neptune. But Mr. Fiske must again be praised for the beautiful set representing a promontory on the Ægean Sea with its massive and imposing temple in the foreground. Gates and Morange, the scenic artists, placed themselves in the front rank by their execution and Percy Anderson's color scheme as to costumes was well nigh perfect, while the incidental music by Professor A. A. Stanley, of the University of Michigan, was quite in the Hellenic spirit. But to those who saw this production one picture will ever remain in the memory. It was the climax to the tragedy where Kalich as Sappho apostrophizes Aphrodite before her fatal plunge into the blue waters. Gorgeously classical she stood before the altar in the foreground, the sun rising above the

mist casting a rose colored glow about her—it was a picture for the gods—superb!

STUYVESANT. "A GRAND ARMY MAN." Play in four acts by David Belasco, Pauline Phelps and Marion Short. Produced October 16. Cast:

| | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| Wes' Bigelow..... | David Warfield |
| Judge Andrews..... | Howard Hall |
| Captain Bestor..... | Reuben Fox |
| Jim Bishop..... | George Woodward |
| Cory Kilbert..... | James Lackaye |
| Let' Pettingill..... | Stephen Maley |
| Comrade Potter..... | Toney Bevan |
| Comrade Tucker..... | Thomas Gilbert |
| Comrade Tate..... | Henry Stone |
| Robert..... | William Elliott |
| Rogers Wellman..... | Taylor Holmes |
| Hickman..... | John V. Daly |
| Hallie..... | Miss Antoinette Perry |
| Letitia..... | Miss Marie Bates |
| Mrs. Bestor..... | Miss Amy Stone |
| Alida Bestor..... | Miss Veda McEvers |
| Mrs. Pettingill..... | Miss Jane Cowl |
| Miss Kilbert..... | Miss Louise Coleman |

David Belasco recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his theatrical activities in New York by presenting the metropolis with a magnificent playhouse. In the grace and beauty of its architectural lines as well as in the estheticism of its interior decorations, the Stuyvesant compares worthily with those other splendid temples of Thespis which are already the city's pride—the Hudson, the Empire, the New Amsterdam, the Lyceum. The new house, indeed, strikingly resembles the last named theatre, both in the seating arrangements and the general color scheme, although the foyer and the vestibule are more generous in space room and the pictorial panels by Mr.



THEODORE ROBERTS AS JOE PORTUGAIS IN "THE RIGHT OF WAY"



Byron, N. Y.

William Norris

Van Rensselaer Wheeler

Laura Butler

SCENE IN THE CHARMING ENGLISH COMIC OPERA "TOM JONES" AT THE ASTOR THEATRE

Everett Shim impart a greater richness. The style of the woodwork is Gothic, and the prevailing tints walnut brown and gold, the chairs being upholstered in brown leather to match. The ceiling contains over twenty transparent shields blazoned with the arms of Stuyvesant and the greater of the dramatic writers. Throughout the house the lights are subdued, filtering through Tiffany glass of exquisite color and design. The orchestra, we rejoice to say, has been abolished, a bank of plants taking the place of the musicians, and the rising of the richly jeweled curtain is announced by a peal of soft chimes. It is all very artistic and Belascoesque. One instinctively converses in a whisper as in a church. There is nothing blatant or ostentatious to irritate the eye or distract the ear. Thus the mind is easily receptive to every dramatic impression and the eye focussed entirely on what is occurring on the stage.

Mr. Belasco inaugurated his new house with his most popular star in a new play called "A Grand Army Man." The piece proved to be a simple domestic drama affording Mr. David Warfield another opportunity for an exhibition of those histrionic powers, peculiarly his own, which have endeared him to our public. One might, perhaps, have wished to see Mr. Warfield in a different kind of piece, a play enabling the actor to display better the range of his versatility. Sweet,

lovable characters of the Wes' Bigelow type he has already proved he can portray as can no one else, but he has yet to show us that he can assume with equal authority the sterner and more intel-

lectual personages of the drama. Wes' Bigelow, the honest, whole-souled stage driver who sticks through thick and thin to the boy he loves, is practically Herr von Barwig in other surroundings. The story is different, but the sentiment is similar and the methods used by the actor to move his audience are identical. The tremendously effective pathetic note which Warfield struck in "The Music Master," the irresistible tears in the voice, the extreme simplicity and naturalness, are again dominant in this tragedy in the little Indiana town.

Wes' Bigelow, post commander of the local G. A. R. and stage driver since the war, has adopted as his own the son of a dead comrade. He carries his affection for the boy Robert to foolish lengths, humoring his every whim and consequently spoiling him. The Post has just raised \$1,000 to pay for a new hall and this sum is entrusted to Robert to take to the bank. Robert, who is in love with the daughter of Judge Andrews, a man hostile to Bigelow, is impatient to get rich quickly and a swindler convinces him that he can make \$5,000 by investing \$1,000. The money is, of course, lost and the boy realizes too late that he is a thief. The second act



Photo Bangs, N. Y.

VIRGINIA HAMMOND

Mr. Sothern's new leading woman a year ago was a teacher in Chicago. She asked Mr. Sothern to let her join his company. He thought he recognized talent but objected to her western accent. He offered her a \$15 position for a season, suggesting that she study the acting and speech of his other people. She studied all the feminine rôles in the repertoire until the opportunity came. Florence Reed fell ill and Miss Hammond played Ophelia at very short notice.



MME. HANAKO

Japanese actress who has appeared with much success recently at the Berkeley Lyceum, this city

takes a horsewhip, but at the first blow the stage driver breaks down and clasps the boy weeping to his heart. The next act shows the trial in the little country court house. Wes' Bigelow has mortgaged his house and tramped day and night to raise enough money to make restitution. He brings this money to court, thinking they will then let the boy go free, but the charge is pressed. Judge Andrews listens unmoved to the stage driver's plea for mercy and Robert is sent to the penitentiary. In the last act we see the stage driver patiently waiting for the expiration of the sentence. Presently the boy returns, having been pardoned by the governor, and the play ends.

The story, as may be seen, is slight. Its undoubted success with the public comes from its charming scenes of bucolic life, the interest in its homely types of grizzled war veterans, its sharply contrasted pictures of the elemental human emotions—unreasoning happiness and unreasoning grief—but chiefly for the admirable manner in which it is played. It would be easy to pick flaws in the construction. It was not necessary, for instance, to show Judge Andrews actuated by prejudice in sending the boy to jail. The situation would have been as strong without that. It strikes rather a false note. But this is only a detail. The play is dramatic and holds the interest to the end. The scene in the court room is particularly effective, and although the audience shares Wes' Bigelow's disappointment when the boy is sent to the penitentiary, this logical outcome saves the play from the taint of melodrama and helps it to point a good moral.

The acting deserves nothing but the highest praise. As Wes' Bigelow, the soft-hearted stage driver, Mr. Warfield presents another of those elaborate studies of the human heart for which he is famous. This actor, as we have already pointed out, owes his success to the simplicity and directness of his methods. His voice utters kindness in tones that come from a heart habituated to kindness, forbearance and suffering. The lines about his mouth are full of sentiment and his face is lit up by eyes aglow with the soul. This describes not only Wes' Bigelow. We saw it in Simon Levi and also in Herr von Barwig. It is Mr. Warfield himself. Apart from the star, the piece was splendidly acted by

takes place at the G. A. R. hall on dedication night. Robert, worried over his loss, which he has kept secret, holds aloof, but Judge Andrews' suspicions are aroused. He investigates the matter and finds that the \$1,000 never reached the bank. Robert is publicly charged with theft and makes a shamefaced denial which convinces everybody, including his adopted father, of his guilt. The boy is left alone with Wes' Bigelow, who in a frenzy of rage and grief tells him that he is going to flog him. He

every individual member of the cast. William Elliott, who played Robert, was very sympathetic and handled a difficult rôle with uncommon skill. Howard Hall impersonated the stern judge with admirable poise and restraint, and Reuben Fox gave a finished characterization as a lawyer. Marie Bates, an old local favorite, was lovable in the character of an elderly spinster wooed by a lame G. A. R. veteran.

WALLACK'S. "THE RIGHT OF WAY." Play in five scenes. Dramatized by Eugene Presbrey from Sir Gilbert Parker's novel. Produced November 4 with this cast:

Dr. Weldon.....Van Dusen Phillips
Price.....J. H. Howland
Eustace Wantage, Esq.....E. Y. Backus
Jack Brown.....Edson R. Miles
Billy Wantage.....Joseph Tuohy
Kathleen.....Alice Lannon
Capt. Thomas Fairing.....Martin Sabine
Jougou.....Philip J. Laffen
Gravel.....Averill Harris
Bovin.....Kelso Henderson
Rouge Gosselin.....Lionell Willis
Joe Portugais.....Theodore Roberts

Jake Hough.....Frank English
Theophile.....Marcus Wilder
Suzon.....Paula Gloy
M. Marcel.....George F. De Vere
The Cure.....Henry Wenman
M. Rossignol.....Alex Kearney
Rosalie.....May Buckley
Paulette Du Bois.....Mignon Beranger
Louis Trudel.....Louis La Bey
The Abbe.....Henry J. Hadfield
Charley Steele.....Guy Standing

Eliminating a previous acquaintance with Sir Gilbert Parker's novel "The Right of Way," it cannot be said that Mr. Eugene Presbrey's dramatic version founded on that work—a best seller in its day—is an altogether satisfactory achievement. The play was written some years ago and its production threatened from time to time. Faversham and Bellevue were both slated for the principal rôle—but something happened and back it went to its author. Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger are those whose temerity rose superior to the faith and confidence of Charles Frohman and George W. Tyler. It does not seem possible that they will secure an adequate pecuniary return for their moral courage. They have spent large sums in providing a sumptuous setting. Homer Emens' last picture of the Valley of Cooling Springs is a gem—and they have supplied a large cast and several popular and efficient players for the principal rôles. The great fault is that the central figure, Charley Steele, is too big for a study limited to three hours' exposition on the stage. His views, his influences for evil on others as well as himself—his doubts and his conclusions without faith, his troubles and his apparent redemption evidently shattered by the religious ban that is

(Cont'd on p. xv.)



CHAUNCEY OLCOTT IN HIS NEW PLAY "O'NEILL OF DERRY"



Adelaide Prince

Olive May

F. Newton Lindo

Henrietta Vaders

SCENE IN "THE SECRET ORCHARD" DRAMATIZED FROM EGERTON CASTLE'S NOVEL BY CHANNING POLLOCK

All London Discusses a Sensational Play



Matzene
LENA ASHWELL

MISS LENA ASHWELL, the English actress who appeared in New York last season in "The Shulamite," recently assumed the management of the Kingsway Theatre in London and opened her season with a play by a new dramatist, Anthony P. Wharton, so audacious in theme that everybody is running to see it. The *Daily Mail* declined to criticize the piece, dismissing it briefly with these words: "It contains passages of a character which we do not feel called upon to describe or to criticize." As a result, probably, of this notice, the theatre

has been crowded to the doors at every performance, and on three successive evenings Royalty was present.

The piece which is likely to be seen in America before long is entitled "Irene Wycherley." It deals with the familiar complication of a high principled woman married to a coarse and brutal husband. Irene Wycherley for three or four years has been living apart from her husband on account of his brutality. A young man named Harry Chesterton has fallen in love with her, and she has formed a decided affection for him, though she does not encourage him to assert himself. She hears that her husband has met with an accident in the shooting field, and that he will be blinded for life; and she feels it is her duty to return to him. He, quite frankly, hates her; but she manages to remain with him and help to nurse him. When, however, he is mollified toward her by his sensuality, she recoils from him by reason of her physical horror of him. It is then that he invites Mr. and Mrs. Summers to stay in his house. She, knowing Mrs. Summers' antecedents, tells her she must go; and then occurs the double tragedy, whereby Irene becomes a free woman and will presumably marry Mr. Chesterton.

Max Beerbohm, writing in the *Saturday Review*, says:

"I am told that 'Irene Wycherley' is the first play by Mr. Wharton that has been produced. But I suspect it is by no means the first play that he has written. If it is indeed a maiden essay, the technical excellence of it is certainly remarkable. Even if it were technically feeble, one would warmly welcome Mr. Wharton for the sake of his strong sense of character, and would congrat-

ulate Miss Lena Ashwell on her courage in inaugurating her management with a play that panders not at all to the public's distaste for grim reality. Personally, I think the dénouement is rather arbitrary—a shirking of the issue. Irene should have been left to fight out the conflict in herself between her affection for Mr. Chesterton and her feeling that it is her duty to remain with her blind husband, and to overcome her abhorrence. True, the blind husband is such an unmitigated ruffian that the outcome of Irene's inward conflict would have been rather a foregone conclusion. And, for that reason, Mr. Wharton ought to have mitigated the man's ruffianism. The story, as it stands, is admirably told; and I do not, of course, suggest that it is an impossible story. I only object that it is not an inevitable story, such as would alone have been worthy of its author's talent for character-drawing. Miss Lena Ashwell, as Irene, has never had a better part, and has never played so well. In moments of tense emotion she has always been good, sometimes great. As Irene she is good throughout."



From Sketch

IRENE AND HER BLIND HUSBAND

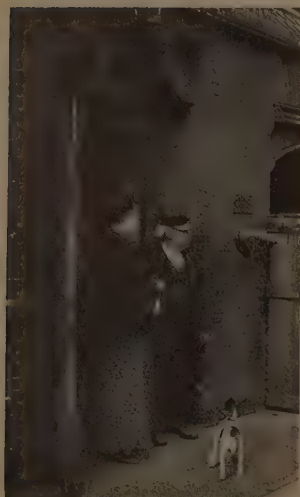
The most criticized moment in a much-discussed play. Philip Wycherley seeks to renew relations with his wife



W. H. Crane Margaret Dale
SCENE IN GEORGE ADE'S NEW COMEDY "ARTIE" PRODUCED RECENTLY AT THE GARRICK

The Stage Door and Where It Leads

By HARRY P. MAWSON



THE CASINO STAGE DOOR
One of the most famous in New York

EVERY theatregoer is familiar with the box office and the haughty person enthroned therein who condescends to take your money. But only a few attach importance to that commonplace and seemingly unimportant entrance to the playhouse called the Stage Door. Yet it is by this entrance that the stage receives the actors who people it, the scenery, costumes and properties which decorate it and the humble super, the "ladies of the ballet" who form the background of court assemblies, and the dramatic personæ of the howling mob.

In the old-time theatres it did not matter much how one reached the street from the stage. Theatres were built anyhow and any-

where. In the majority of cases the stage door opened on to a queer neighborhood, oftentimes up an alley, dark, gloomy and noisome. In one theatre in New York the actors are obliged, even in these enlightened days of playhouse building, to crawl through a cellar to reach a street entrance one hundred feet from the stage wall. And yet by some mysterious means that theatre succeeds in securing a license.

In theatres built under the revised building laws, which apply in most states, the stage door opens on to a substantial street, so that "the people in the dressing rooms" may have a ready means of exit in case of danger. Where it is possible the stage door is built twenty-two feet high and wide enough for a horse and wagon and other large properties to find easy entrance. More

frequently fourteen feet is about the height and, as much of the scenery is hinged, it can be taken in on an angle. Into this large door is built a smaller one, and it is through this that actors *et al.* pass on their way to the sacred precincts of the stage itself.

Just inside the stage door, usually in a small room partitioned off, sits the most powerful personage connected with the back of the house, i. e., the stage doorkeeper. Usually this is a retired stage hand, at rare intervals an old actor of minor rôles. His principal duty is to let in no one whose business does not entitle him to entrance there. He looks after the letters for the company, halts all callers and takes cards to dressing rooms after the performance and acts generally the part of watch dog over that end of the house. As a rule he is a much acidulated person, with uncommonly bad manners (unless the visitor happens to be an important personage) with a much inflated idea of his own importance.

But even this cross-grained person has a sentimental side, for are not the walls of his "den" papered with the portraits, photographic and lithographic, of the actors great and small who have used his stage door on their way to public favor and fortune? Long forgotten celebrities look down from these dingy walls, silent reminders of other days and of the actor's calling, which is like unto the sands of the seashore, ever shifting, ever changing, treacherous and unstable.

To some the stage door is a magic portal. The right to enter there confers upon the amateur the title of professional. Once across this Rubicon, the Fates take charge, the ladder of Thespian fame hangs waiting for him who will essay to climb its slippery rungs. But you must first be *persona grata* at the stage door.

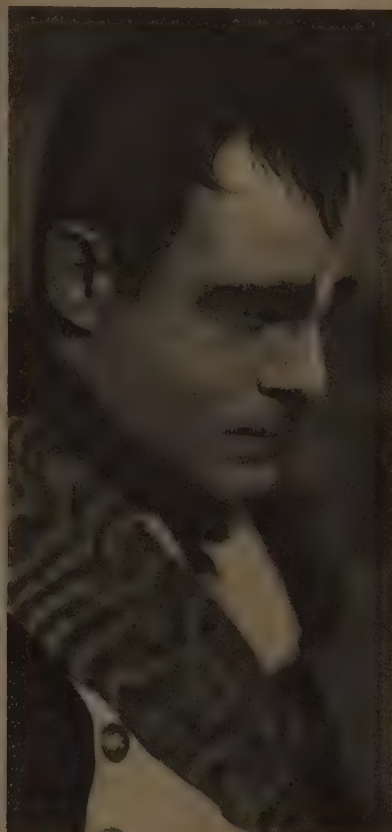
It is marvelous what ordinary mortals the stage heroes and heroines appear to be as they enter this commonplace door shortly before they are to hold enthralled the people who may be "in front." "The villain who still pursues her" is a most mild-looking person, as he asks, with a genial smile, the stage door-

keeper for the key to his dressing room. There is nothing whatever "I'll-bend-you-to-my-will!" air about him. He is a plain every-day human being, but once beyond the stage door he has a part to play, emotions to transmit across the footlights, that

little run in from the street clothing him with a right to exercise his mimic powers. He becomes the mummer.

In fact, many actors know no other part of the theatre save

(Continued on page x)



Baker Art Gallery

Capt. Bluntchli

Napoleon I at the height of his glory and dying at St. Helena

THE LATE RICHARD MANSFIELD IN THREE OF HIS FAMOUS CHARACTER STUDIES

Prince Karl

Were Mansfield's Eccentricities Proof of Genius?

By ARCHIE BELL

A FEW weeks before Richard Mansfield died a report was flashed over the wires that the actor was insane. At that time the few words of the brief bulletin seemed to answer the much-mooted question: "Was Mansfield a genius?"

The question had been argued pro and con during the last decade. The old woman waited until her cow was dead before she would believe that it could not live without eating. A majority of the dramatic writers for the daily press adopted the same tactics in weighing the abilities of Mansfield. Genius and insanity usually go hand in hand. The critics who are yet unconverted may ask: "Are all lunatics geniuses?" Science answers that there is a grave possibility that such is the case. It is almost certain that genius sooner or later evidences signs of insanity.

Richard Wagner was crazy as the proverbial bug. Julius Cæsar, Petrarch, Molière, Handel and Flaubert had epileptic fits. Mahomet had convulsions. The great Richelieu in a fit believed he was a horse. Anne Lee, who formed the society of Shakers, had spasms. Cowper, Rousseau and Lamartine in fits of insanity tried to kill themselves. The list of suicides among men of genius reaches to the hundreds. Mozart thought they were trying to poison him. Voltaire thought always that he was dying.

Abraham Lincoln was a victim of melancholia, which was serious on one or two occasions. Chopin was insane in later life. Cavour believed everyone was his enemy. J. S. Mill was insane at twenty. Balzac paraded in a dressing gown holding a lighted lamp. Baudelaire colored his hair green. Old Sam Johnson touched every post he passed in London. Napoleon was afflicted with moral insanity. Bulwer Lytton bit and insulted his wife, although he professed to love her. Schopenhauer was often

in a trance while composing. Poe was a crazy sot. Verlaine and Oscar Wilde were even worse. Charles Lamb was insane. Robert Schumann, the immortal composer, was a lunatic and took his own life by drowning. Lenau, one of the greatest of modern poets, was insane half his life. August Strindberg, the playwright who "out-Ibsens Ibsen," has been insane several times and in lucid hours has written wonderful accounts of his sensations during attacks.

The list is almost endless. To cite more names does not bring the truth nearer. If Richard Mansfield was insane, was his condition not natural rather than unnatural?

The tragedian, McCullough, spent his last days raving and declaiming the lines from "Virginius" and other plays in his repertoire. Maurice Barrymore, a lesser actor, and a man of talent rather than genius, had a similar end. Climate, ancestry, or associations are mainly responsible.

Little was known of Mansfield's parentage except that his mother was an opera singer. He early showed signs of vagabondage, a suggestive symptom noticeable in such men as Byron, Gautier, Verlaine, Wagner, Meyerbeer and Heine. Dual personality, another symptom, was often noted. He was a cherished companion to certain friends; a veritable demon let loose to others. Precocity was still another warning of future calamity. Like Mozart, Meyerbeer and others, he was a musical prodigy when a youngster.

One can scarcely affirm with Plato that delirium is of great benefit. From the example of Mansfield we may derive benefit, however, in the form of a lesson. There are not many men or women of genius amongst us. They should be easily recognized.

Why Some of Our Dramatists Fail

THE greatest godsend to a young dramatist in making his first attempt at playwriting is failure. The most fortunate thing that can happen to an inexperienced manager is for his first production to fall flat.

Experience has shown this to be true. If a playwright's first play proves a success he is apt to be ruined for all time. And it is the same with the manager. He immediately thinks that he knows about all there is to be known about the extremely difficult art of playwriting. He sets up a rigid standard for himself and adheres to it. He is not open to suggestions, nor will he see his play altered by one who has different views. The result is inevitable—failure. If a dramatist's early efforts fail he learns invaluable lessons. The next time he knows what not to do. This is sometimes everything—knowing what not to do. Conscious of his previous mistakes he does not stumble over the same obstacles again. He is cautious, he is open to suggestions and new impressions. He is on the road to success.

At no time can he have a slavish regard for the dialogue and situations of the novel and hope to produce a successful drama. In "The Little Minister," for instance, Barrie departed entirely from the story as it first appeared. Manager and playgoers are not looking for what are styled "literary plays." Some of these were tried recently at the New Theatre in Chicago with sorry results. Even the supporters of that institution sent their servants, because they did not care to witness the performance themselves. The proceeds sometimes amounted to as little as \$100 a week. A strong, dramatic love story was "tried out" by the same organization and it played to a business of \$6,000 in two weeks. But it was withdrawn because its main elements were sentiment and action—in other words, because it was a real play.

American playgoers, and, in fact, playgoers the world over, are not looking for literary fireworks behind the footlights—they want plays that interest and hold them. They want action—dramatic incidents—and above all, they want a strong love story. Themes are not new because human nature never changes. There are no new emotions. But the successful dramatist must take these old themes and present them in a new light; the emotions of his characters must be displayed under new circumstances.

Ibsen plays do not contain love stories as we understand them. Dramas of the Ibsen type attract many people because of their very morbidity and also because of their matchless technique. As a constructor of dramas Ibsen is unexcelled. But his plays will never become popular. They may attract large audiences in northern Europe, but never

By CHARLES FROHMAN

in America. Americans do not understand Ibsen's characters, particularly

his women. The average American possesses a fund of healthy sentiment. He sees things in a common-sense light. He is not of an erratic temperament. The American woman is strong, sentimental and healthy-minded. She does not do as Ibsen's women do, and she cannot sympathize with these creatures of the Norwegian's imagination.

American life is a family life. The people of this country want to see plays that can be discussed at the breakfast table. Often, it is true, they will go separately to see plays that are not brought up for extended discussion in the home, but these plays do not win solid success. The history of the drama in this country proves beyond a doubt that the successful play is the healthy play. There must always be a strong love story. Nobody wants to listen to political tracts or sociological treatises. If a dramatist selects a political background for his drama he must color it with a convincing love story; with the elements of conflict and renunciation. Even in Charles Klein's "The Lion and the Mouse," which was built on a conflict between intellectual power and the power of money, and which achieved wonderful success, had to have its love story. The same author's "Daughters of Men" did not

prove popular because the author did not give sufficient attention to the love interest. Mr. Klein said to me recently that in the future he was going to put less stress on the problems that are a burden to society and was going to give more attention to love romances.

In all ages, people have declared that the serious drama was going to the dogs. They said this when Shakespeare was writing "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet" in opposition to the beer gardens on the other side of the Thames. They said it when Garrick was producing knock-about farces because he could not find enough fine plays to keep him going. The discontents are saying it to-day. The truth of the matter is this: bad plays will always fail, and good plays will always succeed. This is the whole philosophy of the drama. No star, however popular he personally may be, can win success for a poor play. If a production attracts large audiences beyond a certain time limit, the credit goes to the author and he draws his royalties accordingly—on the "sliding scale," as we managers say.

The American dramatists in recent seasons have come prominently to the front. Their success is likely to continue because they are in touch with American conditions and are familiar with the many complications of our national life that go to the making of strong plays. A rich reward awaits the young playwright who has the ability to take the various phases of our present-day life.



Reutlinger, Paris

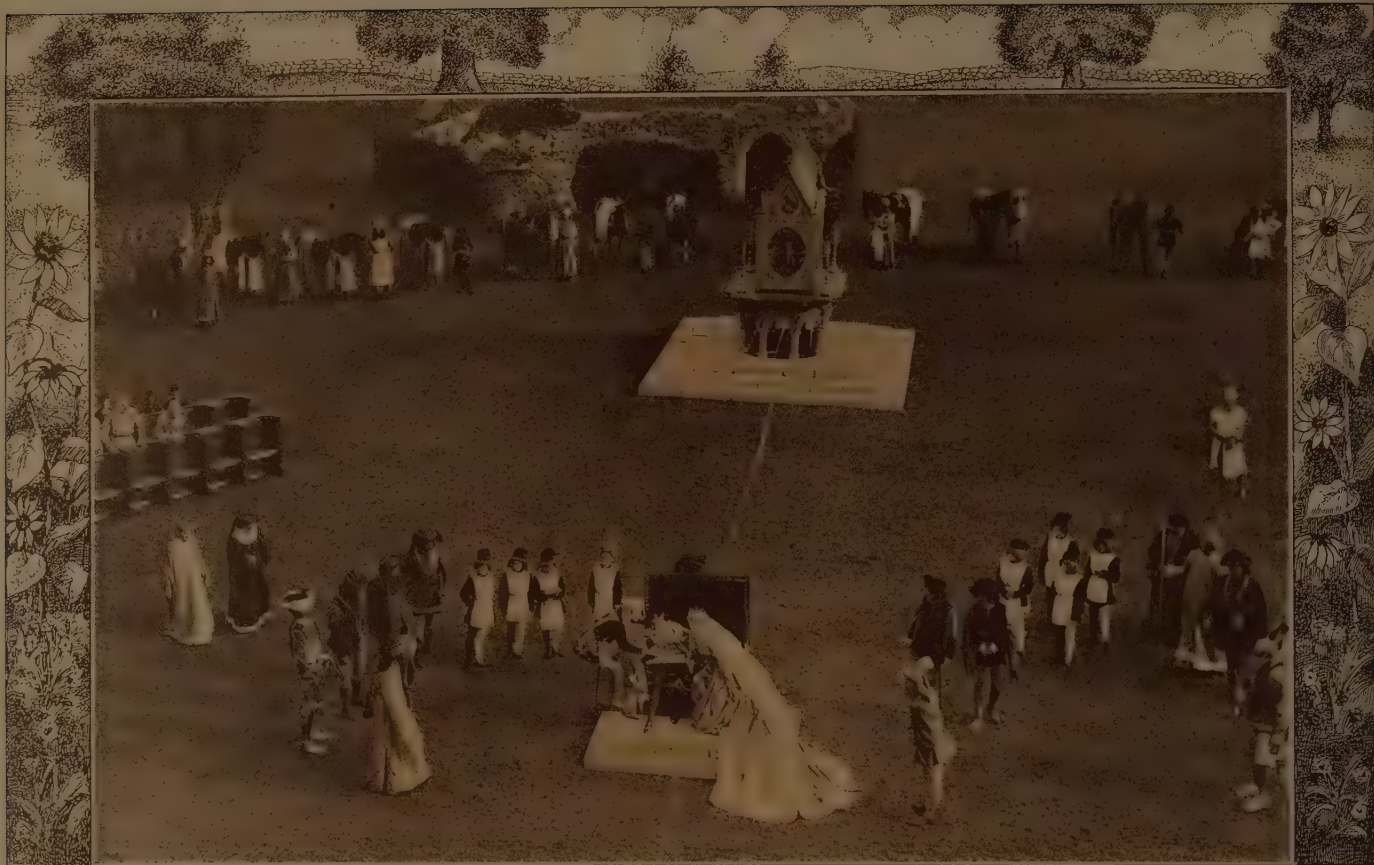
THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF OLGA NETHERSOLE
Who comes to Broadway next month in Paul Hervieu's comedy
"The Awakening"

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE GALLERY OF PLAYERS



Photo by Matzene, N. Y.

MISS MARIE DORO AS CARLOTTA IN "THE MORALS OF MARCUS"



OPEN AIR DRAMA AT THE BURY ST. EDMUNDS PAGEANT. KING HENRY II SWOONS ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF GLOSTER

Pastoral Plays and Players in England

By W. G. FITZGERALD

NO more charming reversion to the fashions of other days can be imagined than the new movement toward the garden "masques" and pastorals of ancient Tuscany and England under the pleasure-loving Queen "Bess"—for whom, you will remember, Sir Philip Sidney wrote his idyll, "Arcadia."

Given a still, clear, star-lit sky, with perchance a tiny crescent moon slowly waxing from silver to gold high overhead; and as a stage setting a background and wings of grand old trees and big banks of blossom that waft fragrance on every breath of air that plays across the rope serving as footlights toward the audience—and there is surely no more ideal form of summer night's entertainment than a well-acted pastoral play.

Great Shakespeare's was a master hand in the writing of pastorals; and I have seen both amateurs and professional stars render "A Midsummer Night's Dream" with all its delicate "grace and beauty

before King Edward and Queen Alexandra on the velvet lawns of Mrs. "Lulu" Harcourt's country seat in Oxfordshire. Mrs. Harcourt, it will be remembered, was Miss Mary Burns of New York, and a niece of Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

In London there are recognized places for giving pastoral plays before brilliant and fashionable audiences. A favorite site is that known as "The Mound" in the Regent's Park Botanical Gardens. Here the deliciously spontaneous and light-hearted gaiety of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is rendered; and all the mingled dignity, romance, and pathos of "The Tempest" realized as never before.

For no stagecraft, however elaborate and wonderful, can possibly impart that catch at the heart produced by the chance fluttering of moth or bat across the scene as Titania lies asleep among the reveling elves; or a wandering breeze blows a handful of



"The Idyllic Players"



Scene in a Breton play "On the Breton Coast"



"The Princess in the Rushes"

snowy petals over the blissful meeting of Ferdinand and Miranda.

The idea of acting plays in the open air, with a setting of trees and lawns and flowers, is as old as Greek days. Yet it is barely twenty years since Forbes Robertson and Madame Modjeska—then in the height of her fame—gave them a new lease in modern life. Both these distinguished artists had met in the romantic castle of the Earl of St. Germain in Cornwall, during a month of glorious August weather. A special feature of the beautiful and picturesque old house lay in a long, low balcony, thickly entwined with climbing honeysuckle and lovely drooping rose-sprays that formed a wilderness of sweet-scented blossom. And this balcony overlooked a wide stretch of luxurious lawn, surrounded by immemorial elms.

"Why, what a perfect setting for the balcony scene from 'Romeo and Juliet,' to be acted by moonlight!" exclaimed Modjeska, as the distinguished guests roamed in couples in the fast-deepening twilight one evening after dinner. It seemed a delightful idea, and one that was repeated on all sides until the whole house party acclaimed it. A retired admiral among the

of the impassioned lovers; and from that day pastorals became the rage in England, and soon spread to the Continent of Europe. Lady Archibald Campbell immediately set on foot a much-talked-of performance of "Bec-



The Princess pleads with the Shepherd



The Princess bestows her blessing on the rustic lovers
Scenes in "The Shepherd and the Lass," presented last summer at the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, London

guests was consulted as to the precise hour when the moon should shine forth on the balcony, and invitations were sent off without delay asking several titled and distinguished neighbors with their house parties to witness a unique pastoral performance of

the famous scene from Shakespeare's famous tragedy.

The night fixed turned out exquisitely fine and still. Modjeska and Forbes Robertson excelled themselves in their representation of the famous scene from Shakespeare's famous tragedy.

Some of the most elaborate and beautiful of all the open-air idylls have been given for Queen Alexandra by Mrs. Willie James, at her country seat West Dean Park, near Goodwood. Here one would see a man like Viscount Duncannon taking the part of Master Slender, in love with "Sweet Anne Page," seated on a log pulling a daisy to pieces with an air of indescribable foolishness; soliloquizing the while as to whether he dare venture to propose to her.



Mr. Patrick Kirman and Miss Phillis Ralph as the Princess and the Shepherd

the famous scene from Shakespeare's famous tragedy.

The night fixed turned out exquisitely fine and still. Modjeska and Forbes Robertson excelled themselves in their representation



W. Gerald Venning as Master Slender in "The Merry Wives"



Acting amidst real scenery on the Mound, Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, London. This is considered the best natural stage in existence



Miss Phillis Ralph as a fairy-tale Princess



Photos Matzene, N. Y.

MISS BESSIE CLAYTON
Leading woman in the Minneapolis Stock
Company

well to note that good stage carriage, with freedom and general grace of movement, are of paramount importance when acting in the open air. As to properties, those of a first-rate repertoire company consist of little more than a few hampers of stage costumes and an odd crate or two into which "stock properties" may be packed.

There are now in England, and throughout Europe generally, bands of strolling pastoral players who may be asked to give an afternoon entertainment at a garden party some miles out of town. And it may well be that they arrive only an hour or two before the audience have been invited to witness the opening scenes of the play to be presented.

If the grounds are pretty large, the stage manager will usually prefer to choose the stage himself. If, however, the choice is made by the hostess beforehand, it is well to bear in mind that a gently sloping surface is best for the "stage," surrounded on three sides with trees, if this be possible. These last form a charming sylvan screen for both orchestra and performers, who enter as required.

A short rough-hewn log set on the left hand side of the stage, about half way down toward the "footlights"; a rope fastened across the front of the stage and separating it from the "auditorium"; a basket of cut grass, a few branches and some leaves, are all that are needed. Of course a couple of dressing rooms are understood. And in all cases the hostess arranging for a pastoral play avoids having any second or simultaneous entertainment of a nature which could possibly clash; otherwise the success of the whole afternoon will be spoiled for performers and audience alike.

Old French pastoral plays are being revived and the lawns

In playing pastorals it is always necessary to aim at broad effects, especially in the scheme of color employed. Gesture is even more important than on the ordinary stage; while clear enunciation and a good voice are absolutely indispensable. Amateurs would do

of to-day permeated with the charms of old Versailles. A very delightful little piece, such as Watteau would have loved to paint, is called "The Shepherd and His Lass." This is a little play in one act for two girls and a man. The period is the fifteenth century—which yields such delightful costumes for a pastoral play. One of the girls is clad in a long green linen gown with jeweled girdle and a steeple head-dress, with flowing white draperies, making the prettiest picture imaginable as the actress enters from a grove of forest trees.

It is usual to present every member of the audience with a printed story. Here is that of "The Shepherd and His Lass":

"A shepherd, Sylvanius, is betrothed to a country lass, and they hold secret meetings underneath the walls of the King's gardens.

"The princess, his daughter, steals out by means of an unlocked door and watches their love-making from behind a tree. She becomes enamored of the swain herself, and half unconsciously makes use of her magic ring—the wearer of which is entitled to the granting of any three wishes—to cause him to fall in love with herself.

"The distress of the lass is so great, however, that the heart of the princess is somewhat touched, and the second wish is used to make the country lass forget all that has gone before.

"Though at first taken with her beauty, and with the unaccustomed richness of her clothes, Sylvanius soon discovers that his heart does not belong to the princess, but that it still remains true to the lass. The princess, on making this discovery, perforce uses her third wish to cause all to be as before, the play ending with an effective tableau showing the reuniting of the lovers and the tender resignation of her dream by the princess, who bestows her magic ring upon the lass in token



FLORENCE REED

Daughter of the late Roland Reed and now leading woman
of the Worcester, Mass., Stock Company

of lasting good will."

Open air theatrical performances have been particularly successful in the south of France, where the warm climate and weather are favorable. The old Roman theatre at Orange, with the tragic beauty of its ruins, accommodates no fewer than 42,000 persons.



MABEL HITE

Now appearing in "A Knight for a Day"

Scenes and Characters in "The Man from Home"



W. T. Hodge

Eben Plympton



Olive Wyndham



E. J. Ratcliffe

Ida Vernon

"The Man from Home," the new play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson which was produced in Chicago recently with great success, will be seen shortly in New York. William Hodge, a lanky comedian of quiet method and dry humor who has already several hits to his credit, impersonates an elongated Indiana lawyer, extremely unsophisticated, but shrewd and worldly under the surface. The Chicago critics received the piece with enthusiasm. One of them says: "It is one of the most absorbingly interesting plays America has produced, not only because of its splendidly candid and fearless Americanism, but because of its scintillating humor, its tender note of sincerity and its good, sound melodramatic undercurrent. It is the most companionable kind of a pretty story with gentle gleams of love and human sweetness all through it, and none of the virtuous elements are dwelt upon obviously, but touched with a delicate literary skill and art which are refreshing and invigorating." The story tells how a lovely Kokomo, Ind., heiress is saved from a mésalliance with a titled rascal. Lawyer Daniel Voorhees Pike, "The Man from Home," is found in Italy, where he successfully stops the marriage of his ward, with her million-dollar legacy, to an impecunious nobleman. The cast is an unusually strong one



Mr. Lang

Mr. Plympton

Mr. Asher

Mr. Hodge

Miss Vernon

Miss Wyndham

Mr. Hassard Short

Act I. Daniel Voorhees Pike (Wm. T. Hodge): "I didn't know there was folks here. I reckon you will have to excuse me"

The Merry Widow Captures the Heart of Broadway

THE inane and insipid, foolish jingle that has held patient audiences in thrall up and down and across upper Broadway was dealt a blow in the tonal solar plexus when Franz Lehar's world-famous "Merry Widow" came to the New Amsterdam Theatre. This Viennese operetta has made applauding slaves of half of united Germany and has also invaded the British Empire, where, of late years, musical comedies are made with skill and brains—and not, as in some local cases, with tinnier snips and a riveting hammer. To judge by the first night's audience these features of superiority did not escape the listener, for the work was received with a fine show of appreciation, and it is likely to repeat its Viennese success in New York.

Of course, there are disgruntled ones who claim that so legitimately clean a work by an American composer would have gone begging from one manager's office to another. If that oft-repeated fable be true, then these disgruntled ones should descend to their composing knees and ask blessing that "The Merry Widow" was so well received, for if now the native unsuccessful genius has similar wares to offer he will find managers waiting with open ears and arms.

But to return to "The Merry Widow." This is one of the most charming works of its caliber seen here in many a musical moon. It is not nearly so beautifully made a score as Messager's "Véronique"—but this latter work was not for the large masses—nor is it filled to overflowing with melody as "Mlle Modiste" is; but it is a daintily effective work, and its rhythms and melodies are of sinuous and langorous grace. Throughout there is a wholesale absence of vulgarity, and yet this music is popular in its cast. The libretto is exceptionally good, for there is

really a plot and it actually develops—which naturally helps the cause of this estimable work very much.

Henry W. Savage has given "The Merry Widow" an admirable performance. The stage settings were all good, and the company of singers was for the most part unusually capable. The first honors of the evening went out to Donald Brian, who danced his way straight into the hearts and hands of his audience. He played and sang Prince Danilo with lots of dash, and he danced as though he had nothing whatever on his conscience. The rôle

of Sonia, "The Merry Widow," was capitally sung and acted by Ethel Jackson. She was vivacious, even if she did not display an over-abundance of Viennese chic, and she sang the music allotted to her with a deal of artistic care. Another good voice was that of Lois Ewell, who sang the virtuous and love-sick Natalie. R. E. Graham was the Ambassador Popoff and he, as well as Fred Frear, who was Mr. Nish, refrained from horseplay. Then there was the inevitable bore of a lover with his voice clutched as in a vise, and he was dressed in soldier's clothes into the bargain. William C. Weedon did that.

The chorus is excellently trained and in its selection it was not forgotten that audiences have eyes as well as ears. Louis F. Gottschalk conducted the orchestra and did it very well, and there was swing to the entire affair. "The Merry Widow" is an answer to those who have been shedding tears at the decline of musical comedy and operetta.

The cast was as follows:

Popoff, R. E. Graham; Natalie, Lois Ewell; Prince Danilo, Donald Brian; Sonia, Ethel Jackson; Camille Delidon, William C. Weedon; Marquis Cascada, Walter C. Wilson; Raoul, Charles Meakins; Khadja, Harry Hyde; Maliza, Margaret Dalrymple; Nova Kovich, E. J. McCarthy; Olga, Frances Cameron; Nish, Fred Frear; Praskovia, Blanche Rice; Little Willie, Harry Meyers; An Englishman, Ralph Whiting; Head Waiter, Gerald Lane; Orchestra Leader at Maxim's, Nicholas Szabo; Zo-Zo, Frances Cameron; Fi-Fi, Eva Bennett.



White

DONALD BRIAN AND ETHEL JACKSON ABOUT TO DANCE THE FAMOUS WALTZ IN "THE MERRY WIDOW"

Is Criticism Worth While?

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

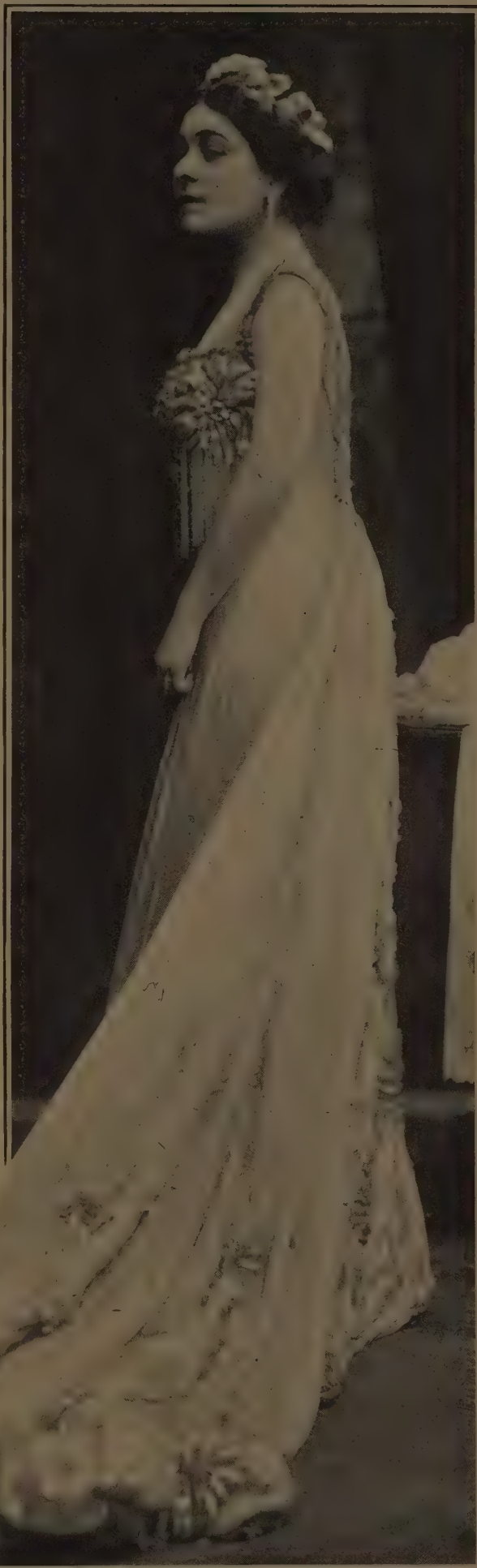
AN element of insincerity is essential to art. The moment we are dominated by an idea we are no longer able to express it. The moment a writer takes a personal interest in his characters or aims to present his honest conviction, he bores us. Belasco regards the personages in his plays as puppets to which he holds the strings. That is why he thrills us. Klein takes his characters seriously. That is why he sometimes wearies us. Shakespeare, we may be sure, never raged with Othello; and neither Hamlet, nor even the Sonnets, give us the key to his heart. He was above all the spectator and that is why, until the coming of Ibsen and Shaw, he was supreme in his craft.

Shaw's worst fault is occasional sincerity. The socialist agitator, of late, has threatened to submerge the dramatist and the artist. Ibsen remains always aloof. The suggestions for his plays may or may not have been taken from his own life. But the moment he dramatized his emotions, they were raised from the subjective sphere and became impersonal symbols of universal significance. If Ibsen is inferior to Shakespeare it is because he adopted one attitude and Shakespeare adopted many.

The adoption of an artificial attitude in literature is as necessary as in painting a picture. We never dream of demanding that an artist, having once portrayed his subject from an angle of thirty degrees, should never vary, in subsequent pictures, from the angle in question. It is equally absurd to expect consistency from the dramatist, the poet, or the critic.

There are in New York some critics whose views the conscientious theatregoer scrupulously omits to read. They strive to be honest, to represent things as they are. They do not always succeed. If I wish to know what an author has to tell me, I read his book. If I read a dramatic criticism it is not because I seek the truth regarding this or that play but because I wish to know the impression it has made upon another cultured mind. Every sentence the critic writes will be interpreted differently by each individual reader. The play often means much more to the spectator than to the author. This is because the great poets, being mouthpieces of the Divine, always write better than they can possibly know.

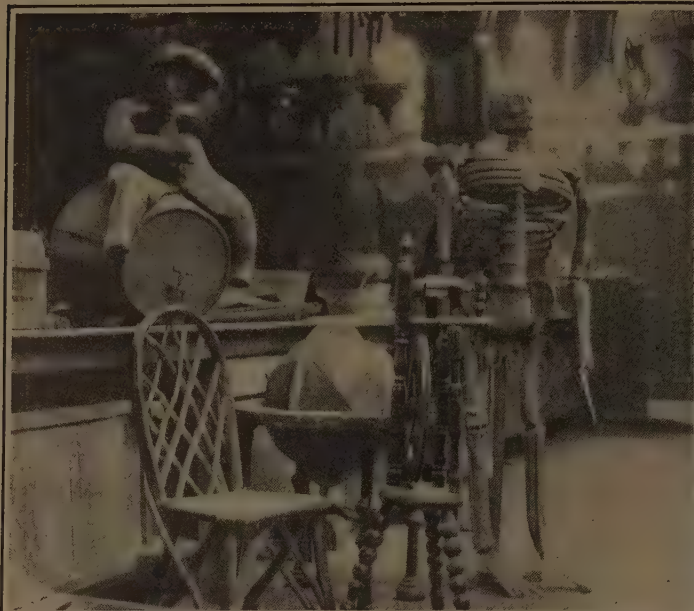
It being impossible, therefore, for the critic to convey the meaning of the author, the best that the latter may reasonably expect is to be misinterpreted brilliantly. For brilliant creative misinterpretation of European modernity James Huneker takes the lead. Shakespeare owes no small part of his fame to cunning misinterpretation. These misinterpretations have added to his stature. Tolstoy is right when he denies depth and even certain graces of style to the Elizabethan. They may not have been originally his. If the critics had turned their attention to obscure contemporaries of Shakespeare, they, not he, would have become immortal. As it is, the works of Shakespeare represent not only his own marvelous gifts but the no less marvelous gifts of the keenest minds of three centuries, who have given to his plays a new and connotative value. Or, to instance "Faust": it has been suggested that the second part of this remarkable work is merely a colossal hoax and that Goethe in writing it played an Olympian joke on a credulous world. Poets and professors have stored in their misinterpretation of Goethe's masterpiece intellectual treasures unequalled in literature. The ancient maxim that "two and two make four" embodies the categories of Kant and the verbal rhapsodie of Nietzsche; the thunderous commonplaces of Brisbane and the subtleties, curious and Janus-faced, of Shaw. Give me the man who alternately blesses and damns, drunk with his own brilliance, who in one case creates something out of nothing, and in the other, adds to the jewels of another's mind the riches of his own.



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MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA

Whose admirable performances of Hilda in Ibsen's "Master Builder" have set all New York running to the Bijou Theatre



Photos Copyright Schlesinger

"FAUST" AND "AIDA" PROPERTIES STORED READY FOR USE IN THE PROPERTY ROOM OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

The Mechanism of Grand Opera

By L. S. FARLOW

LOVERS of the world's greatest music have often tried to realize what it means to produce an opera like Wagner's "Die Walküre"—the despair of stage managers since the mighty master "came into his own."

Some unique mind there must be behind the scenes, rarely combining the attributes of inventor, artist and engineer on a great scale, so as to produce an ensemble that shall realize the composer's lofty scheme.

And the machinery of grand opera can so easily transport the sublime to the ridiculous, as they know so well at the Metropolitan and at Covent Garden. In Paris, now, it ought to be pretty easy to produce a smooth *mise en scène* with a staff of 1,200 and an annual subsidy from the government of \$160,000 a year.

Yet where has one witnessed such comic effects at tragic moments as at the opera. Putting a grand opera before a critical and cultured audience means materializing the composer's concept—and this is far more than merely making the ponderous stage machinery move smoothly to the music's rhythm. There should be subtle harmony between the composer's idea and the stage manager's rendering of it in visual effect. Absolutely complete this unison can never be in a world where the material and spiritual never blend; but, as we shall see, never before did mere machinery go so far in the direction of creating the realistic and poetic atmosphere demanded by the music and dramatic spirit of the work.

The first step in staging a grand opera is to make a "prompt book." The stage manager visualizes the entire drama in every detail, and then draws up and elaborates the ground plan of each scene. In time instructions are given for produc-

ing desired effects, as well as indications of the placing and movements of various personages and groups. All this matter is inserted opposite the musical cues in an interleaved copy of the score.

Besides this, each act is prefaced by a ground plan and by "plots" relating to properties and lighting. All this is easy enough to write; but six weeks of most arduous and anxious labor may be expended on the prompt book of "Das Rheingold" alone. This wonderful work—a kind of material excrement on the opera itself—is the starting point of the production, and sets every department in motion, from the electrical engineer to the men who work the thunder.

The scenic artist is the first to be actuated by the great finished scheme; and with the minutely-detailed ground plan to work on, as well as some acquaintance with the stage manager's scheme of color and light, he has full scope, subject of course to the composer's own instructions.

Next come little models of the scenery correctly built to scale. These curious little toys are tried on a miniature stage, and proportionately as much work is expended on them as upon the real thing itself, vast as this may be.

The stage carpenter now takes up his work, making the huge frames for set pieces; and he is also called upon to translate into mechanical practice the ingenious devices invented by the stage manager for carrying out the "business." Meanwhile the art designer gets to work in the museums and art galleries getting ideas for local color, period and general design. He prepares beautiful water-color drawings of the costumes and properties; and after that the armor, wigs, musical instruments, artificial



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Herr Blass at the side of Fafner's cave singing through a large megaphone which renders Fafner's voice in "Siegfried" as if actually done on the stage



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How operatic thunder is made by rolling cannon-balls down a big strip of iron sheeting

The larger mechanical effects may involve counterweighting tons; and immense electric bridges must needs fall smoothly and noiselessly, for nothing is so aggravating to management and artists alike than some unfortunate contretemps, which may turn a feeling of tense admiration into a ripple of laughter from stalls to gallery.

These electric bridges, by the way, may be used as elevators for conveying big properties and set pieces from the lower storerooms up to the stage and back again when the scene is over. And during the performance they may be used for building up elaborate scenes which require elevations, instead of using the old-time stage rostrums. Moreover, they are great labor savers when a down hill effect is desired up the stage, as

flowers, and a hundred other things are ordered. Also a perfect menagerie of beasts and birds are put in hand, not to mention creatures that do not exist on this earth, such as the monstrous Siegfried dragon.

The vast stage itself is alive with traps and bridges, and hydraulic and electrical mechanism. There are mysterious cloths to be hung and manipulated; and the stage manager, if he be wise, is never above accepting a notion from the very humblest of his staff. Naturally then for weeks, if not months, before the brilliant première, hundreds of busy hands and brains are at work on the repertoire that has long been listed by the management.

in the second act of the "Die Walküre."

And when fire effects are needed, one of these bridges can sink out of sight below the stage, and on it men station themselves with their pans of red fire and pipes, through which flashing lycopodium is blown. Thus long tongues of flame blown upward from these pipes, combined with reddened fumes from the operatic steam troughs below give a beautiful and realistic conception of Loge's fire, whose mission is to protect rather than destroy.

What astonishes the privileged spectator behind the scenes of grand opera is the enormous scale upon which everything is done, and the infinite care and forethought that is bestowed, not only on the minutest detail of each effect, but pre-



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How the fire scenes are rendered in Wagnerian operas

eminently on the harmonious combination of all hands to produce the perfect ensemble.

Here a scene is being set for the first act of "Die Walküre." At the back is seen the giant ash tree round which Hunding's hut is built up. The tree appears to grow upon the stage out of a strange compound of wire mesh, thin timber, paint—and consummate skill. Soon it lies prone on the ground, and buried to the hilt in its heart is the mystic sword

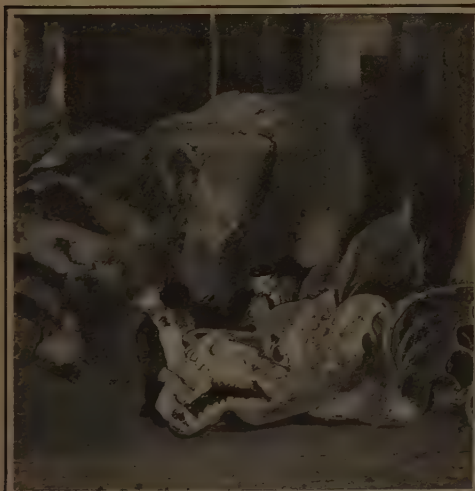
"Nothung," Wotan's gift to his beloved Sieglinde and Siegmund.

Deft hands are piling up monstrous boulders for the Titanic fireplace, and Hunding's hut seems to run together with true



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Setting up the waves of the Rhine for "Götterdämmerung." The Rhine Maidens swim about behind these and coax and tease Siegfried



Photos copyright K. Schlesinger

The Wagnerian dragon in "Siegfried" fitted with electric wires and strings for moving his wings



The horn music in Wagner operas concealed in a hidden corner of the stage



The wind machine used for the storms in "The Flying Dutchman," "Die Walküre," etc.



Hall

MARGARET ILLINGTON IN HER DRESSING ROOM AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE MAKING A QUICK CHANGE FOR ACT II OF "THE THIEF"

Wagnerian magic. The log walls are run on from the sides, and the roof is let down from the flies.

Wandering away from this scene we nearly fall over the wind machine used with such subtle skill to reinforce orchestral effects in Wagnerian storms. We examine it curiously and find it consists of a huge wooden cylinder, with blades like those of a water mill. These revolve against a tightly fitting canvas cover, producing sighs and moans, howls and screams, according to the rate at which the handle is turned. Thus this queer apparatus will produce every sort of wind effect from the spring zephyr to

the shrieking hurricane of a January night! Close by is a litter of boat-shaped wooden clappers, with which the clatter of horses' hoofs is simulated in the "yard" when Hunding comes home.

There are also lengths of old chain, which are used for all kinds of unexpected purposes. In the regions beyond the famous steeds of the Valkyries are stabled. They suggest to us an operatic episode which has baffled the ingenuity of stage man-

agers ever since Wagner's own day; and it has ever been their ambition to overcome the apparently insuperable difficulties of the "Ride" by some masterpiece of stagecraft, so as to produce the magnificent scene in a realistic way, and without the ghost of a smile on the face of a mighty audience.

At Bayreuth, in London, and in Paris, a kind of switchback course has been tried, over which the wooden horses ridden by boys rose and fell in regular undulations. But the trouble and anxiety involved in working the switchback accurately, and with due regard to the safety of life and limb—to say nothing about the attendant noise and unsatisfactory effect when all was done—led to the abandonment of this device after a vast expenditure of trouble and money.

Next an apparatus known as the sciopicon was substituted, and the illusion of the mounted Amazons was produced by means of a lantern with slides focussed on to the backcloth; while storm-driven cloud effects were produced by another lantern. The truth is, Wagnerian opera



White

FLORA JULIET BOWLEY

Leading woman for Robert Edson in "Classmates"



White

DOROTHY DONNELLY

At present appearing in "The Lion and the Mouse"

taxes the ingenuity and engineering skill of the stage manager to the last degree.

For the first scene of "Das Rheingold" high trolleys have been built running on specially made castors, which permit the most intricate evolutions being made by ponderous machines without the least noise, and with perfect ease in any direction. These come in useful in conjunction with the swimming machine for the Rhine Maidens in this opera.

A kind of saddle, supported by an iron rod, in which the Maidens recline fourteen feet above the stage, was counter-weighted and worked up and down in a slot cut in a stout post. This working pole is concealed during the performance by masses of pale green chiffon, ornamented with subaqueous weeds. By this mechanism it is possible for the Rhine Maidens to dive gracefully and rise again; to swim in wide revolutions, and chase each other in graceful frolic. Every operagoer must remember how absurd were former effects, when despairing stage managers were trying to follow out Wagner's own directions accurately. Each swimming machine has its own captain below, and before him is spread a copy of the "prompt book" about which I have already spoken.

In the third act of "Die Götterdämmerung" the Maidens are beheld on the surface of the Rhine instead of in the depths. Thus a second machine is called for, consisting of a railed revolving disc, on which the actresses kneel or stand, and their bodies are passed through slits in rubber sheets painted to represent water.

The entire apparatus stands on an electric bridge, which rises and falls to enable the Maidens to disappear in the river at will. Moreover, the apparatus can be wheeled about from side to side on the bridge, or made to revolve as the girls circle in the watery dance. In the closing scene the Maidens sit on seats suspended by rubber ropes, giving them great elasticity of movement as they swim this way and that, and drag Hagen down into the depths with them.

But the new solution of the "Ride of the Valkyries" is perhaps the most supreme triumph of stage managership. Each beautifully modeled life-size horse is spiked by the trunk to the top of an apparatus similar to the trolley swimming machine. A dummy knight is slung over the saddle, and "extra ladies," clad in duplicate Valkyrie costumes, mount the horses from a high flight of steps.

This done, four men seize the machine, and on the musical cue wheel it across in the direction indicated in the ground plan of the prompt book. As the Valkyrie rides past the gauze into view of the audience she is illumined by a flash, which throws glints of light upon corselet, shield and spear.

As to the final "breaking scene" in "Die Götterdämmerung," the walls are made in many sections on wooden backings. The suspended roof, which weighs over a ton, rests upon these, and so cleverly is the whole device put together that the pressure of a lever, worked from the "O.P." side, causes the collapse of the whole. The supposed beams and great stones of walls and roof crash on to the stage, and the mighty columns crumble fearsomely, and yet so merely apparent is the ruin that when the stage is cleared the entire enormous scene is found to be barely scratched.

It is nothing short of wonderful that accidents are avoided in stage illusions of this magnitude, or at least that unhappy contretemps are not more frequent. Thus the vast roof above mentioned is slung up by cables, which have to be estimated within a quarter of an inch in order to clear all the hanging cloths and battens, many of them having six lines running over pulleys grouped on the floor above the stage.

But there is much more to be seen during this peep behind the scenes of grand opera—the enormous paint room, for instance. Here may be seen a bewildering array of properties—skeletons and astrological apparatus, with spinning wheels and church furniture for "Faust"; sphinxes and sacred bulls for "Aida"; graceful Madonnas and church fountains for "La



Copyright A. Dupont

MME. EMMA CALVE

This well-known French dramatic soprano is making a concert tour in America this season

Tosca"; magic swords and colossal dragons, such as the one used in "Siegfried." This weird beast has been brought from his lair that artists may fit him out with electric wires for the flapping of his vast wings. Then there is the armory, containing thousands of cuirasses, shields, spears, swords, rapiers, and suits of mail and armor of every kind. Here a small army is at work polishing, and the chief armorer will afterwards distribute the various pieces among the dressing rooms or place them in readiness in the wings.

The wardrobe department is a small world in itself, containing many thousands of costumes stored and classified. These are transported on huge wicker baskets running on wheels. The costumes are chiefly for the chorus, ballet and supers, for most of the great stars bring their own.

One has barely time to watch the sculptors modeling, moulding and casting properties for the whole range of opera in papier-maché in six or seven layers, and then fitting together, drying, painting and gilding, always under the watchful eye of the property master.

The electrician's department is even more important and responsible; and from the big switchboard under the orchestra are controlled the thousand and one lights and effects both in auditorium and behind the scenes.

One remote room will be found peopled with strange monsters and dragons. In one corner of the vast apartment one will find the cave in "Siegfried" carefully built up, while its monstrous oc-

cupant, the dragon, is carefully lifted, wingless and stingless, and with hanging jaws that move spasmodically with the motion.

Men are seen at work on the monster putting him into communication with the powers of steam and electricity that dwell in the lower regions. During the opera one of the property men gets inside the dragon to move his jaws and flapping ears.

On one occasion the Siegfried, a particularly vigorous swordsman, was not acquainted with this fact, and dealt so energetic and deft a blow at the dragon that he drove the sword home, knocking the breath out of the man inside, who thereupon rolled over in so realistic a manner as to deserve special applause!

The property master explains to his visitor how the powers of Loge are given their fiery breath in the opera. As viewed from the stage the "mechanism" is most curious. Dark forms flit hither and thither, crouching behind profile trees and rocks, and their breath is fire. They carry long pipes terminating in perforated funnels containing sponges saturated with methylated spirit. As they blow into the mouthpiece, lycopodium powder is ejected from a receptacle on to the sponge, and the long flames spring up, wreathing, curling and dancing madly to the exquisite fire music.

The Ballad of the Mummer

My days are one long masquerade,
I wear disguise of motley hue—
And sometimes I am half afraid
I shall forget the soul I knew,
And lose it 'midst this varied crew
Of puppets grave and puppets gay.
And yet I am no worse than you—
We're mummers all and life's a play.

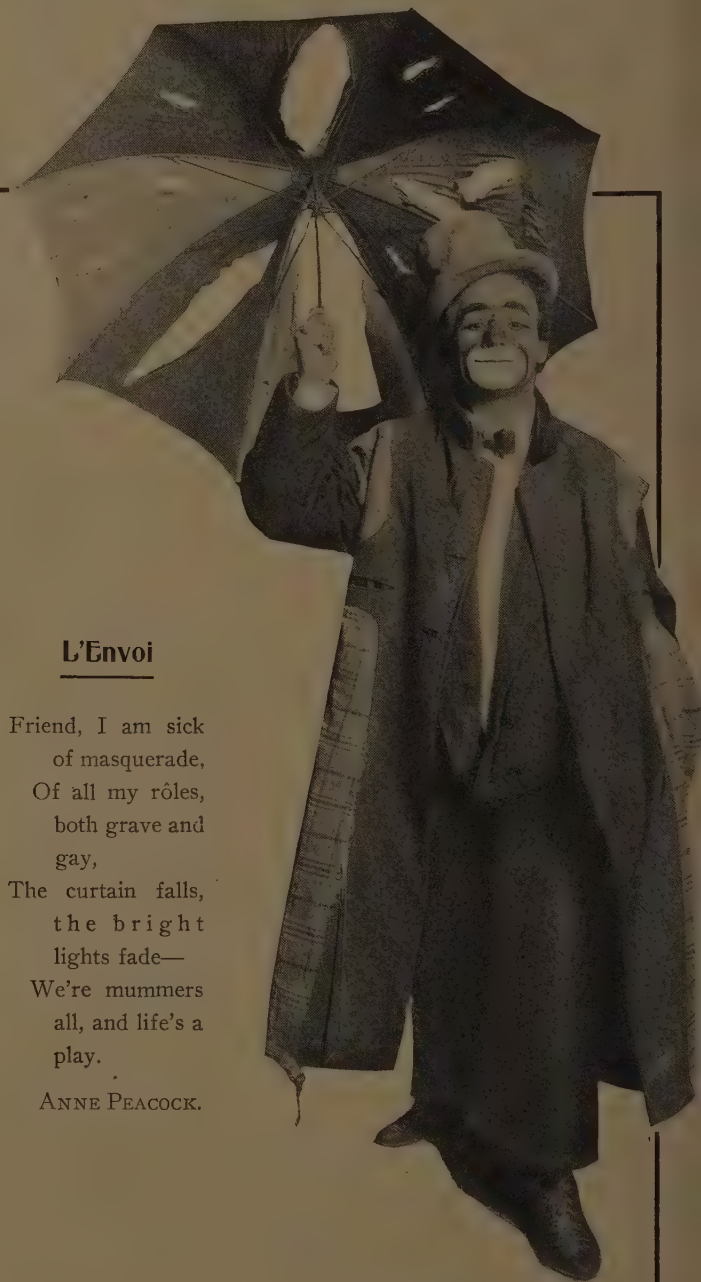
Upon my face the paint is laid,
As though a mask hid me from view,
And artifice is called to aid
What time I need disguises new.
If laughter be my sorry cue,
I still must laugh along my way;
Small matter if my heart wears rue—
We're mummers all and life's a play.

Pierrot his penalty has paid,
For all his tears smiles are his due.
And Harlequin's gay colors fade—
What matter? Here are jesters new
To mimic life and prove it true
That each man's soul must some time say:
"Applaud, good friends, our motley crew—
We're mummers all and life's a play."

L'Envoi

Friend, I am sick
of masquerade,
Of all my rôles,
both grave and
gay,
The curtain falls,
the bright
lights fade—
We're mummers
all, and life's a
play.

ANNE PEACOCK.



MARCELINE
The Hippodrome's famous clown



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MME. EMMA EAMES

Who will create at the Metropolitan Opera House the rôle of Iris in Mascagni's opera of that name. The singer is seen here as Floria Tosca

Steele MacKaye's Poet-Playwright Son

INTERVIEWS WITH DRAMATISTS No. 10

T WAS an engaging sight, and many recall it as though the sight were one of a day ago. A tall man with strongly cut features and curiously bright and penetrating eyes, his hat drawn low and his overcoat collar turned high, walking down Broadway leading a smaller copy of himself, the boy absorbed in the tasks of keeping up with the long, loose strides, and listening to the brilliant monologue of the man.

"It's Steele MacKaye talking things over with his boy, Percy," said Broadway habitués with an indulgent smile, for Broadway loved the man, and was quite willing to love the boy for his father's sake. The upturned collar and the low-drawn hat had their purpose, which Steele MacKaye explained to his son. The drawing down of the one and turning up of the other was the preliminary to the usual phrase: "Let's walk fast, I know so many people."

And although words from the elder MacKaye were sought by all who knew him, for the words were certain to be pungent and memorable though tintured with a great kindness, for Steele MacKaye, actor and playwright, was most of all a humanitarian, the desire of the man to be uninterrupted in his frequent walks and talks with the boy was generally effected in the way described. And now that the man is of the vast, silent majority, those walks and talks are among the most memorable events of the early life of the boy. Percy MacKaye has grown up. He is thirty-two, and has a small boy of his own. If the Broadway habitués were to see him leading the seven-year-old Robin, and bending forward in the communion of father and son, they might reflect upon their whitening hairs and stiffening joints. For twenty years lie between that picture and this, so wonderfully alike.

Then "Hazel Kirke" was in its popular prime, and its author, Steele MacKaye, was perhaps the most successful playwright of its generation. It earned, it has been estimated, one and a half million dollars, but not, as the usual legend runs, for its author, who yielded unfortunately early his rights to it. Now Percy MacKaye leads the school of brilliant young dramatists who prefer the poetic vehicle. His "Jeanne d'Arc" and "Sappho and Phaon," admirable examples of modern drama in verse, are yet looked upon as the mere dawn of his dramatic fulfillment.

Percy MacKaye is proud and glad to talk of his distinguished companion in those walks of twenty years ago. There is, on a much-used shelf in his library, a book by John Fiske, the historian, having the inscription: "To my son and comrade," in which may be recognized the strongly individual handwriting of the elder MacKaye.

"One of my earliest recollections of my father is of sitting with my mother in a box at the Madison Square Theatre, and watching a rehearsal of 'Hazel Kirke,' in which my father played Dunstan. I was five years old, and my attention was distracted from

the play by the physical discomfort of the distance between the floor and my tiptoes. Another vivid, later recollection, when I was about thirteen, is of going into my father's dressing room at the old Standard Theatre (now the Manhattan), and making up my face as the villain Duroc in 'Paul Kauvar,' while my father was absent on the stage enacting the title rôle. When he came back, he did not at first know me. He imagined I was one of the supers that acted in the mob of French Revolutionists in the play, and he said: 'You've made a mistake in the room, my boy.' Discovering his mistake, however, we had a hearty laugh together.

"Other recollections made a still stronger impression. Our walks and talks in New York and in country New England. Our long drives together about Washington when he unfolded his plans to me. And I remember his inquiring aspect when I showed him my first play in verse, which he listened to carefully and toward which he showed a tolerant spirit.

"'But why blank verse?' he asked.

"I told him, doubtless very immaturity, that the vehicle depended upon the idea of the play; that some ideas required the poetic dress, and that verse seemed to me the most beautiful form.

"'But is it the natural form?' he insisted.

"'That depends on the nature of the dramatic theme,' I persisted.

"The last project of my father, planned for the World's Fair, Chicago, and one which he had designed as his crowning lifework, was the Spectatorium.

"A kind of parent of the Hippodrome?"

"Yes and no. The Spectatorium that he designed would have had fifty-seven stages. It would have had all the best forms of the drama and opera beneath its roof, and would have included a comprehensive school of acting, which was a favorite project of my father's. Anton Seidl had been engaged to conduct its great orchestra. But a Wall Street panic delayed the execution of the plan. The building could not be finished in time for the World's Fair. When my father knew this, he insisted upon building a model of the Spectatorium, showing what might have been done; he demonstrated that in a speech delivered at the model of the Spectatorium a few days before he died. The topic is painful to me, because work and worry upon this final project resulted in his death. He was only fifty-two when he died.

"He was a genius of many phases. After studying with Inness and Hunt in America, he was an art student in Paris when the Franco-Prussian War interrupted his career. He became interested in Delsarte, and came over here to teach his methods. The system acquired shallow followers, who abused it, and he forsook it. In London, under the management of Tom Taylor, he acted Hamlet to Marion Terry's Ophelia. He was an inventor of mechanical appliances. He wrote plays, and although he never, in later life, regarded himself as an actor by profession,



PERCY MACKAYE

Author of "Sappho and Phaon," "Jeanne d'Arc," etc.



THE LATE STEELE MACKAYE AS MARSH

James Steele MacKaye was born in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1831, and grew in 1854 a boy in London in 1856. He was a man of great versatility and genius. His first studies were in chemistry in France, where he became the chief chemist of various universities and laboratories. Then, after a year's study, he was the manager and manager of the St. James, National Theatre and Lyceum Theatre, in New York City and wrote the plays which formed part of the "Lionel Lincoln" series. He was a great playwright and dramatist, and wrote the plays which formed part of the "Lionel Lincoln" series. He was a great playwright and dramatist, and wrote the plays which formed part of the "Lionel Lincoln" series. He was a great playwright and dramatist, and wrote the plays which formed part of the "Lionel Lincoln" series.

yet when he couldn't find an actor to play the third role in his own plays, as he wished it played, he acted the part himself. He often said that it seemed strange to him to be earning a living by his pen, for he had always expected to earn it by the brush.

"He was a man of ideas, an artist, and yet a talented organizer. He had such tremendous dynamic force as I have never since felt in any other man. One phase of his character that was little known—his philosophical side—has been transmitted to my brother James. His children have all seemed to inherit some one phase of his. James has written a very able work, a political philosophy, entitled 'The Economy of Happiness.' My brother Harold Steele MacKaye has written several novels, the best known being his 'Pantelmonium.' My brother Benson is an instructor in the Department of Forestry at Harvard College. William, my elder brother, died at twenty. He was already an excellent actor and gifted artist. His influence upon my life and work has been of the greatest. My sister Hazel, named after Hazel Kirke, by the way, finished her studies this year at Radcliffe College, Cambridge, and went upon the stage this season in my play. She took the part of Ananias in 'Harden and Pharo.'"

Ten years ago Percy MacKaye was graduated from Harvard. He was one of the commencement speakers. His address was "On the Need of Imagination in the Drama of To-day." He has since proved his possession of the faculty which he then asserted to be invaluable. He at once began writing for the stage.

"I want to say that of all encouraging influences in beginning my career as a dramatist, Mr. E. H. Sothern's has been one of the staunchest and most helpful. I often went to the old Lyceum Theatre with my brother Will who was a Mr. Sothern's company, and who knew Mr. Sothern. Years afterwards Mr. Sothern

asked to see some of my writing. He became interested, and commissioned me to write 'The Canterbury Pilgrims.' The play was put in rehearsal for a month. Mr. Sothern gave it up for the reason that the man's part of Chaucer, the poet, was not a sufficiently dominant one, and while he would have been willing to play it, and would doubtless have given an artistic performance, he said that under the star system of this country, people will not go to see a play in which a star has less than a star's part. I agreed with him. He then ordered 'Fennis, the Wolf,' which he may yet produce. Mr. Sothern has been not only an inspiring friend to me, he has been a practically helpful one, for he believed enough in me to pay money to prove it. He produced my 'Jeanne d'Arc,' as you know. These were all poetic dramas.

"The Bearewren' is a prose play of mine. Mr. Hackett was about to produce it when some delays in the production of other plays caused our contract to lapse. 'Sappho and Phaon' is, I think, my best work thus far, but I hope to do much better work. The work that is finished is the work a man forgets. It is a completed task. All his energy and interest go to the task in hand and to the work to come. 'Sappho and Phaon' required a year in the writing, although I had been thinking of it longer than that."

Steele MacKaye was known, as Steele MacKaye knew, the pain and the value of struggle. With four published plays, endorsed by discriminating critics, upon his literary shelves, and with several others unpublished, he, in his thirty-second year, may be deemed a successful author. He found the same indifferent face turned upon the advent of the unknown that all beginners have experienced. He had to demonstrate his ability. That he was the son of genius by no means augured him a genius, rather the contrary in the casual public view. He was a true knight of the pen, fighting valiantly for his ideals in literature, and perceiving no present equivalent to the satisfaction of them. His whole mind and will went to Italy and to Germany where he studied at the University of Leipzig still writing. Returning to New York he was advised to join the staff of a newspaper or magazine. He preferred a kind of probationary that entailed no risk of the deterioration of the quality of his work. He became a teacher in a private school for boys in the city. There, for four years, he won the broad and lasting gratitude. The hours of his teaching left him a margin of time and mental energy for writing. He wrote steadily, always for the stage, usually in blank verse.

Four years ago he owned the literary and artistic colony at Cornish, N. H., separated from Windsor, Vt., by the Connecticut River. There he lived the year round. The colony was of the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens' founding. Among his neighbors are Kenyon Cox, Marjorie Parrish and Edward Churchill. Mr. MacKaye writes in a simple little frame studio, a long study, three from his home. The writing itself, interrupted in the little talk of his family, has yet reminders of one of them. For the only pictures in it are crude landscapes drawn by his small son "Gordon." There are in the writing house no literary objects to distract the author's attention from his work. There are merely the essentials: a large writing table, some chairs, and a stove for winter. The room was work-like simplicity. There is not even a library. But MacKaye's general work is more than the hours given over to the concentration of writing. Amid the book-crowded shelves of his library in the home the work is done.

"I seldom write more than



MODEL, ANITA
 STYLING BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. THE MAC KAYE COLONY, CORNISH, N. H. THE MAC KAYE COLONY, CORNISH, N. H. THE MAC KAYE COLONY, CORNISH, N. H.

two or three hours a day," Mr. MacKaye said, "I cannot do more and do it well, but I am constantly thinking of my work and my research may consume all the remainder of the day. No one can estimate the amount of work done by the subconsciousness. I am not at all sure that it is not the best work we do."

"I hope I have inherited from my father his idealism," said Steele MacKaye's son. "I want to do the best work I am capable of and want to do it in the most beautiful form I can give it. I believe in the future of the poetic drama in America, as I believe in the survival of the best in art and nature in this vigorous young country. Not all poetic drama is in verse form. A prose play may have the essence of the highest poetry. But we should follow our ideals in creative work. We should try to garb our thoughts in the most appropriate form. I have not always chosen, shall not always choose, the vehicle of verse. When I have done so, it was because the idea seemed to me to require that treatment. Jeanne d'Arc is a noble figure, moving on an ideal plane, and as such a theme for ideal, not naturalistic, expression. Sappho is a lofty character, herself a poet, who has left a few fragments of her own verse to posterity. She was one of the supreme artists and individualists of the world. The basic idea of 'Sappho and Phaon' is the conflict between Sappho, the individual, creator and server of her own personal law, and the vast elemental forces of paternity and maternity (embodied in Phaon and Thalassa) upon which rests the survival of the race. This conflict was one that naturally expressed itself for me in the forms of verse.

"The public will respond, I think, to the essentially poetic in drama, provided that the poet masters the art of the theatre. A prose play by our foremost poet, Will-



Otto Sarony Co.

BERTHA KALICH AS SAPPHO

iam Vaughn Moody, is being welcomed with enthusiasm. Another gifted man of imagination, Ridgeley Torrence, has written 'The Madstone,' in which Mme. Nazimova will soon appear. Edwin Arlington Robinson, the poet, has written several remarkably fine plays, still unacted. The published plays of Olive Tilford Dargan, and Josephine Peabody, both of fine poetic powers, are well known. And there are numerous other aspiring young writers.

"Reasoning by analogy we have a right to expect the public to enjoy the drama in verse. The audiences that fill the theatres in the United States are persons of a higher intelligence and wider knowledge than the crowds of the Athenian and Elizabethan ages; yet twenty thousand persons would sit from dawn till sunset to watch the poetic drama of Greece, and in the Elizabethan age ten thousand sat contentedly for six and seven hours to see the plays of Shakespeare and his contemporaries which were spoken in blank verse.

"We cannot expect the public taste in amusements to improve until we give it concretely a higher standard. My father's question recurs to me: 'Is blank verse a natural form?' To which I reply as I then replied: 'That depends on the nature of the dramatic theme in hand.' But in whatever form a dramatist may choose to express himself, the two chief desiderata of his work are first, that he shall have something dramatically worthy to express, and secondly, that he shall express it, and have it interpreted with artistic integrity, and without compromise, direct to the public."

ADA PATTERSON.

Mary Garden, who this season at the Manhattan Opera House makes her first appearance in America after seven years of success at the Opéra Comique,



Byron, N. Y.

Act II. Sappho (Mme. Kalich) sitting on the steps of Aphrodite's altar, gazing over the Aegean Sea
SCENE IN "SAPPHO AND PHAON," POETIC TRAGEDY BY PERCY MACKAYE

Paris, was born in Scotland. She came to the United States, which country proudly claims her, at the age of seven and resided for some time in Philadelphia and Chicago. Her early musical education was obtained in the latter city, and her voice promising much, she went to Paris to finish her study. Her Paris début was the result of a lucky accident, but she owes it also to her own courage and willingness to undertake what might have daunted many. She was present in 1900 at a performance at the Opéra Comique of Charpentier's "Louise," an opera then the rage in Paris. She had studied the title rôle and the director, M. Carré, had heard her sing it in the studio of her teacher, Fugère. He came to her between the second and third acts and asked her to go on, as the prima donna was suddenly indisposed. Miss Garden consented.

Her success under the trying circumstances was such that she

was promptly offered a contract, and she has sung at the Opéra Comique ever since. Paris raved over the American singer. Her beauty, her voice and her acting were lauded to the skies.

The singer has created the soprano rôles in such modern works as "L'Ouragan," by Bruneau, libretto by Zola; "Pélleas et Mélisande," by Debussy, one of the novelties in which she will be heard at the Manhattan this season, and "La Reine Fiammetta," by Catulles Mendes and Xavier Leroux.

Mary Garden is of medium height, slender, with an exceptionally fine figure. Her features are somewhat Semitic and her hair is reddish in color. She is full of temperament, and is an excellent actress. This latter was to be expected since she was such a favorite in Paris, where dramatic ability is placed even before voice as a necessary attribute in the opera singer.



FOLLOWING
a servant,
William

Porter entered the
bedroom of his
friend and fellow dramatist, Lawrence
Demorest. Upon the threshold he drew
back shocked. In the specter, painfully

raising itself to receive him, he could scarcely recognize his
old friend, his comrade in the early struggles of his literary
career. But the specter spoke, and he knew well the voice,
broken and trembling though it was:

"Sit down, Will! Not a word, please, about my condition.
I don't want to be pitied, and I know the time has passed for
any hope. I have sent for you because we two—you and I—
have given the world the rare spectacle of two fellow crafts-
men free from the usual petty jealousies, sincerely attached,
ever devoted to each other's interests. Listen! I am dying.
Perhaps I shall die this evening, perhaps to-morrow. It
makes no difference when. My hours are numbered. It is
hard to die when one is only forty years old, at the height of
one's success, happy in one's home, fond of one's work—but
pshaw! I am showing the white feather! I'm no craven. I
didn't mean to talk to you like this. You know that it is all
over with me. A presentiment led to my spending all last
year putting my literary and business affairs in order.
Everything is now arranged, only——"

The dying man paused.

"Only what?" echoed Porter.

Stretching out an emaciated white hand, Demorest bent
forward and, with intense earnestness, said in a solemn
whisper:

"Swear to me upon your honor as a man, upon your
genius as a poet, that I may trust you at this last moment of
my life as a sincere friend, wholly devoted to my interests.
Swear it, Will; it is necessary for my peace of mind!"

Much affected, Porter replied gravely:

"Lawrence, as in our youth, when all our wealth consisted
of our dreams and hopes; as in our maturer life when we
fought side by side, helping one another—so in the present
and the future I am still and shall always remain your faith-
ful friend, proud of that title, and anxious to be wholly
worthy of it."

Demorest smiled, and a radiant expression came over
his wan face:

"Good, good! Those are honest words. They ring true!
Listen, then, to my secret. During these last few weeks,
crushed, rendered helpless by the disease which is killing me,
my mind, already raised above the world, has conceived di-
vine thoughts. I have imagined wonderful things—the
scenario of a great drama which I have no longer the
strength nor time to write. I am going to bequeath it to
you, friend and brother. You will finish the work, you
will give life to it, and *our* play will be produced—anony-
mously. Only when the curtain falls upon the last act shall
our two names be announced as the authors."

"Go on!" said Porter, anxious to humor the fancies of his
poor friend. "I am listening. I can remember all that you
tell me. I accept this heritage, and thank you for it. I shall
guard your fame even more jealously than my own. My
only fear is that the work may exceed my ability."

The dying man suddenly sat up in bed
with a start, and with a trembling voice
and a gleam of madness in his eyes he ex-
claimed suspiciously:

"No! No! You accept too readily!
You are too willing! I don't trust you!
Even now you are planning to rob me of

Inspiration!

By MAURICE MONTEGUT

my reputation. No,
you shall not learn
my secret. You
would give only
your own name to

the play. Go! I've seen enough of you!"

Irritated to see his old associate
showing him this hostility when noth-
ing in his own attitude justified it, Porter protested:

"Must such good friends part thus—with words of
hatred," he said. "You are unjust. I spoke in perfect good
faith, so help me God! The man who is false to a promise
given on a deathbed deserves to burn in hell. Keep your
secret! Good-bye!"

He rose to go, but Demorest called him back.

"Stay! Forgive me! It is frightful to see one's body
dying in this way, when the soul is so fully alive! Don't go!"

Once more he started to tell him all, but his wrecked mind
was beset by new doubts and fears. For an hour he kept
his old friend hanging upon his words, exacting new pledges,
reproaching and cajoling him in turn, reaching no decision.
At last he said:

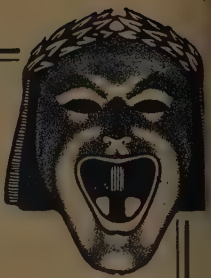
"No, I can't bring myself to tell you! But very soon if,
indeed, there be another life for us, if the soul really sur-
vives the body, very soon in that far distant country to which
I am going so blindly, I shall be enabled to judge men as
they really are. I shall be able to read their inmost thoughts.
If I see that you are really faithful, that you are sincerely
devoted to my interests—why, then, some day, Porter, you
will hear words whispered to your ears by one unseen. Then
you will know that it is I who, freed from doubt, have come
to confide my secret to your keeping. God bless you! Fare-
well! Give me both your hands! Now go!"

The next night, about seven o'clock, Lawrence Demorest
passed away.

A year later, Porter was sitting alone one evening in his
study, idly hesitating between attempting to start work on
the blank sheet of paper which lay on the desk before him,
and the charm of a summer night which called him to go
and enjoy the cool air without. Suddenly, without having
the least inclination, he found himself writing. He seemed
to be obeying some impulse foreign to himself, to be acting
as in a dream. Some irresistible force impelled him to set
words on paper. Clear, swift, complete, the ideas came
crowding to his brain. He felt no weariness. He seemed
to be writing at the dictation of some one rather than by his
own effort. Gradually a splendid drama came forth, took
shape, unfolding itself before his docile mind. Not only the
plot, but the dialogue as well, the entire work was created
by his eager pen. All that night he covered page after page
of manuscript without an erasure, without a question as to
the technical construction. A spring was flowing which
became a river, and widened out into an ocean.

The next day when he read what he had written he was
astounded. It was a masterpiece. He had gained a height
before unknown to him. For the first time he was really
proud of his work and into this admiration for himself en-
tered disdainful pity for other literary men less talented.
He knew that he had far surpassed all his rivals; that at last
he was among the immortals.

Then came the night of the first performance. An as-
sured success was already rumored
throughout the city. Those who had read
the play or seen the rehearsals proclaimed
it a masterpiece. The house slowly filled
with the usual throng of critics and first-
nighters. When the curtain rose the very
opening speeches caused a thrill, and from





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SIGNOR CARUSO, THE FAMOUS TENOR, IN THE ROLE OF MARIO IN PUCCINI'S OPERA, "TOSCA"

scene to scene, from act to act, the enthusiasm grew and swelled. Everywhere silent tears were flowing, and after each fall of the curtain there was a wild ovation.

Alone in the stage box, Porter listened to this tumult which proclaimed his success. And suddenly, in sharp contrast, he felt a distressing anxiety, like the agony of remorse. Between the third and fourth acts he left the box, without any particular object, and wandered about the house. A formidable critic came up:

mered incoherent words as though he were answering some invisible being who was reproaching him in muffled tones. At last, before the end of the act he left the box, hastily made his way to the wings, and called for the manager. He whispered a few words to him, at which the manager started with surprise.

"I insist upon it!" said the playwright firmly.

"As you will!" replied the manager, shrugging his shoulders.

So when the curtain fell only to be raised again and again to



Matzene, N. Y.

MISS BLANCHE RING

Recently seen in "The Gay White Way" at the Casino



Matzene, N. Y.

MISS JULIE OPP

Will appear shortly in a Broadway production

"Bravo! Your play is great, but——" He hesitated.

"But what?" demanded the playwright nervously.

"Why—do you know—pardon me—the style is so different from yours. If I didn't know that you wrote the piece, I should say it was by poor Lawrence Demorest."

Porter turned pale and walked away. During the fourth act, which was holding the house spellbound, he remained moodily in his obscure corner, stirred to the depths of his being by persistent thoughts which he vainly strove to throw off. A haunting presence seemed to have taken possession of his soul, a subtle, uncanny Presence from which he could not escape. He stam-

frantic applause amid which were enthusiastic cries for the author, the manager advanced to the footlights, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the drama which we have just had the honor of presenting before you is the work of the lamented poet, Lawrence Demorest, and of William Porter."

At first there was a hush, a deep silence, then a slowly rising murmur, and at last the great audience broke into tremendous cheers. The two names were greeted with bravos.

Alone, in the obscure corner of his box, Porter felt his hands grasped by two shadowy spirit-hands.

Translated by EDWARD T. MASON.



Interior of the Elizabethan Theatre at Harvard. The curtains are partly drawn, showing the setting used for the "Ghost Scene" of "Hamlet." The rampart painted at the back is probably the "painted cloth" occasionally mentioned in Elizabethan stage directions. The Ghost appeared on this balcony, which is probably the "upper stage" referred to in old theatrical manuscripts. On this "upper stage" was also acted the "play within a play" to affright the King's conscience.

The Elizabethan Theatre at Harvard University

By RALPH BERGENGREN

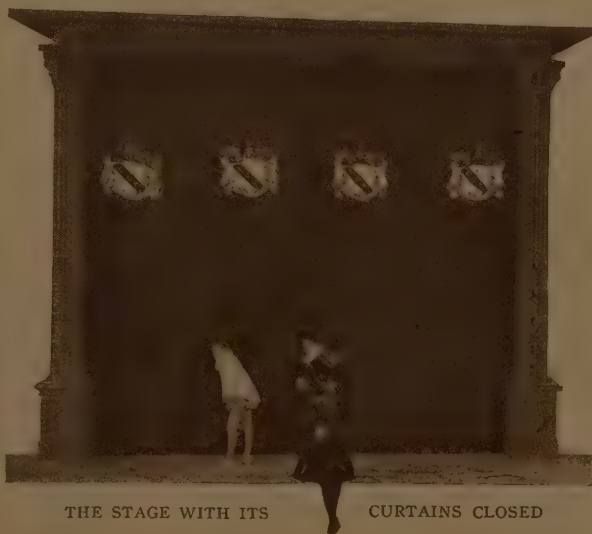
OF the many American playgoers who have seen Mr. Forbes Robertson's production of "Hamlet," probably very few are aware that the English actor first played the part in this country in a modern reproduction of a typical Elizabethan theatre and under conditions reproducing, as nearly as is now possible, those of Shakespeare's time. For the purposes of this performance, given under the auspices of the English Department of Harvard University, an early playhouse was practically rebuilt within the walls of Sanders Theatre in Cambridge from contracts written three centuries ago in London.

As Sanders Theatre is especially well adapted to such an experiment, the details of which derived their theatrical authority from Professor George P. Baker, of the Harvard Department of English, and their architectural authority from Professor H. Langford Warren, of the Harvard Department of Architecture, the restoration was remarkably complete and convincing. It produced an interior, unquestionably to the surprise of a majority

of the audience, quite different in its effect from a bare stage in a rough and unpretentious building that is still so generally supposed to have been the environment of the Elizabethan drama. But that the typical Elizabethan theatre was far from being an unpretentious structure is more than proved by actual records showing that the sums lavished by the managers of that period on their enterprises compare favorably with modern expenditures for a

similar purpose; and it is proved also by the contemporary references of Elizabethan divines who were wont to preach indignant sermons against "gorgeous playhouses."

In the case of the Harvard restoration the study of two actual contracts—one for the erection of the Fortune Theatre in 1599 and the other for the erection of the Hope Theatre some fourteen years later—gave visible shape to this generally disregarded feature of Elizabethan theatrical management. The first of these playhouses, known as the Fortune, was built by one Peter Streete for Philip Henslowe, a theatrical manager, and Edward



THE STAGE WITH ITS

CURTAINS CLOSED



Matzene, N. Y.

MISS BLANCHE BATES

Who is now starring in the Belasco production "The Girl of the Golden West"

Alleyne, a well-known comedian. The second was the Hope, built for Manager Francis Langley. Each was specifically more or less modeled on a sixteenth-century predecessor, respectively the Globe and the Swan, and the two existing contracts thus represented four nearly contemporaneous playhouses; to supplement them there is still in existence, as the only surviving representation of an Elizabethan stage, the rough drawing that the German traveler, De Witt, made in 1596 of the interior of the Swan Theatre.

In the Harvard restoration the Fortune contract—which is so specific that it covers nearly seven pages of Malone's "Historical Account of the English Stage"—was chiefly followed. But this contract calls for a square theatre, which was not only exceptional in the time of Shakespeare but impossible in the Cambridge experiment, owing to the circular shape of Sanders; and it calls also for three galleries, whereas Sanders has but two. Obviously, the existing galleries in the little Harvard theatre could not be

cut down and replaced by others, even for the sake of Elizabethan accuracy, nor could the roof of Sanders be temporarily removed to supply the open space overhead that characterized the original Fortune. It was necessary, therefore, to combine with the details of the Fortune contract several details taken from that of the Hope and to recreate a playhouse interior that should utilize the present architecture of Sanders; combine it harmoniously with specified conditions of the earlier playhouses; erect within it a stage whose proportions were those of the Fortune contract, whose appearance was like that of the De Witt drawing, and whose curtains and very modest scenery must be first deduced from the many stage directions still to be read in old theatrical manuscripts, and finally proved practicable under the conditions presented by an actual performance of "Hamlet" by Mr. Forbes Robertson and his company.

Sanders, the academic theatre of Harvard University, is very nearly the size and shape of a typical Elizabethan playhouse; in architectural character its two balconies harmonize well with the three galleries specified in the contracts and shown in the drawing of the Swan; it differs, of course, in that it is roofed over, whereas the Elizabethan playhouse provided such protection only for the audience in the galleries and the players on the stage—a difference that the modern spectator could be fairly asked to cover by an effort of the imagination. Its height is such that the old time stage could be rebuilt entire. The stage, as seen by the audience, was therefore complete, from the pit, wherein sat, stood, or reclined an audience apparently of Elizabethan spectators, to the protecting roof over the stage, this roof indeed being practically an overhanging garret, supporting a little hut, the so-called "heavens" in which the Elizabethan stage manager concealed machinery for lowering gods and goddesses to the stage and otherwise creating illusions not unlike many of those of our modern theatre. The beginning of the three old-time balconies started from the sides of the stage, and from the "heavens" projected the platform on which a trumpeter traditionally appeared to announce the beginning of each performance. From a purely historical point of view the stage was naturally of first importance, but in recreating the old theatre, practically rebuilding the Fortune from its original contract, Professor Warren carried the restoration to its furthest possible limits, providing the modern balconies with the supporting "satiers," or carved wooden figures, specified by the sixteenth-century dramatic firm of Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyne, and otherwise bringing the whole interior into effective and picturesque harmony with the stage and pit of the restored Fortune.

The audience that gathered in Cambridge to witness Mr. Robertson's performance of Hamlet under Elizabethan conditions found itself, therefore, in a playhouse much more magnificent in architecture and color than popular fancy has attributed to the Elizabethans and fronting a stage partly concealed by crimson curtains. On the curtains the arms of the Lord Chamberlain indicated that the players saved themselves, in their not infrequent clashes with the "godly-learned" civil authorities at whom our audience presumably also snapped disrespectful fingers, by that gentleman's patronage. Over the stage, but not entirely covering it, projected the "heavens," and the three curtains completely enclosed the space under the roof and presented what was in all scholarly probability the "travers" of the sixteenth-century playbooks. Behind the travers was the "inner stage." At the back of the inner stage would later be seen the "arras," a piece of tapestry hanging under a curtained balcony and parting in three places to allow the actors to make their entrances and exits; and the drawing of the balcony curtains would in turn reveal a third place—the "upper stage"—

on which the dramatic story could be unfolded to the audience.

To complete the illusion the rush-strewn pit was gradually filling up with Elizabethan spectators, Harvard undergraduates, as a matter of fact, but for the time being very much at home in the garb of the sixteenth century and animating the restored theatre with living illustrations of the text of that remarkable contemporary document, Thomas Dekkar's "Gull's Hornbook." They came singly and in company, the more luxurious hiring their stools of the playhouse attendants, while others made themselves comfortable on the rushes. Gallants mounted the stage and ogled

From the beginning; the play of "Hamlet" progressed under these simplified conditions with surprising power and interest considering that the audience was one accustomed to the aid of modern scenery. The story unfolded itself clearly and the use of the "three stages" permitted such simple changes as were necessary to produce any given scene—a throne for the throne room of the palace; an open space in the floor and a pile of gravel to represent the graveyard—to be made quickly behind the larger curtain while the action still continued in front of it. The progress of the play illustrated, indeed, what we so seldom realize—that if an



E. H. SOTHERN AND LAURENCE IRVING AT A REHEARSAL OF THE LATTER'S PLAY "THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART THERE IS NO GOD"

the audience from that altitude, or mixed with the "rabble" in the pit, braving the insults of mischievous apprentices and condescendingly flirting with the bold-eyed orange seller or the coy wives of sober citizens. The "adventurous captain" so much in evidence in the literature of the time swaggered in person; the ballad peddler cried his wares; an old woman told fortunes. Above the hum of conversation could be heard the piping notes of the Elizabethan orchestra, and finally from the platform over the stage the clear call of a trumpet stilled the tumult and announced the beginning of the performance. Francisco, Bernardo, Horatio and Marcellus appeared before the "travers"; the ghost came boldly in without the helpful mystery of semi-darkness; the play began with only the direct appeal of the spoken word to excite in the mind of the audience the desired atmosphere.

audience is unused to scenery there is nothing surprising in its enjoyment of a play without it. But it illustrated also the fact that we who are used to scenery need it to complete our stage enjoyment except in those moments of a drama when the interest is so intense that attention is completely focussed on the individual actors. To this particular audience "Hamlet" was an old story, but even so the completeness with which Mr. Forbes Robertson could hold its attention could hardly fail to indicate how completely the play as a whole would have held an audience to whom the story was something new and mysterious. The Elizabethan theatre, in short, took on a new dignity in the minds of those who spent an evening in the restored playhouse—and the setting seemed for the first time to have been somewhat worthy of the jewel.

Momus Toujours!

By BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

LAUGHTER is an organic necessity. In the present theatrical season, as in all theatrical seasons since Aristophanes with his little comedies first shivered the solemnity of philosophers and gods, mirth will predominate on the boards—vaudeville, "French comedy," "light comedy," "domestic comedy-drama," "musical comedy," "comedies of manners." Ibsen and Strindberg and Maeterlinck may come and go, but the comedian in us goes on forever. On the boards "The Mikado" will outlast "Ghosts" and "The School for Scandal" will still be performed when Bernard Shaw and his plays have long been forgotten.

No one is stronger than Proserpine, goddess of death, except Momus, god of laughter, whom Proserpine cannot slay. Care cudgels us by day with its ebon bludgeon, but at night, O ye weary and cocktail-ridden and stock-ticker-beridden mortals, get ye on to the gay White Way, where the fairy goddess waves her silver-bright stave commanding all to worship.

There is a comic spirit in all things. The gods bowl us over and still we make merry. Hurricane, earthquake and fire conspire to annihilate us, but jocosity and joviality flow in an unbroken stream from the springs of buoyancy set deep within the soul of man.

The instinct that demands "foolish humbug" in theatricals is a sound one based upon human experience. Laughter cleanses; mirth keeps us sane. All comedy is intellectual; and the explosive guffaw that the clown at the Hippodrome elicits or the silent laughter of the mind at the incongruous situations in a Barrie fantasy, such as "The Admirable Crichton," stems from the same need. The antics of Marceline and Puck differ in degree, not in kind.

The great mass of playgoers go to the theatre to have their minds tickled with the straws of the ridiculous and absurd. They are conscious of the element of incongruity and sportive topsy-turviness that runs through all the affairs of life. We secretly delight in watching a fat man slip up on a banana peel.

How deep was Shakespeare's mirth when he gave us Puck! Puck, the lordly imp of an upsy-downsy universe; Puck, who is the seer par excellence of the world; Puck, who put a girdle of laughter around the world for evermore; Puck, who smiled and smiled and was *not* a villain—only a divine sportsman who played with us on the field of the cloth of gray which some have nicknamed Eternity!

Leisure is the condition of laughter. The comic spirit is born in the cradle of contemplation. Mirth is a kind of serene skepticism. Bernard Shaw has confessed that the comic imp in him saved him from the gallows. We can readily imagine that if Harlequin had not incarnated itself in the Irish playwright at birth he would have become a bombmaker.

What saved Shaw was his funny-cells in his brain, just as we are all kept sweet by our funny-bone that over ten thousand artists (sometimes) are going to tickle for us all winter. Only the heart suffers; the brain is the peaceful, undisturbed eternal spectator of the monstrous parade, called Life. The mind never worries, is never in pain. It is the heart—that great lupanar of desires—that is always seducing the mind to its will and its aches and its petty needs. The mind left to itself would laugh forever. For mirth is as old as the first mind that succeeded in detaching itself—were it even for an hour—from the slavery of the emotions. Distance, aloofness, detachment, perspective, impersonality—that is the secret of laughter.

Whether it be Joe Weber or Coquelin—what we laugh at in their characterizations is—ourselves!

Momus toujours! The raucous guffaw of Rabelais reverberates to this day. The silvery rill of Cervantes—who dragged Prometheus from his rock and set him tilting at windmills—is Spain's immortal contribution to the comic view. The dry smile of Molière still lingers on the latest imported French comedy—you can catch it at the Empire in "My Wife."

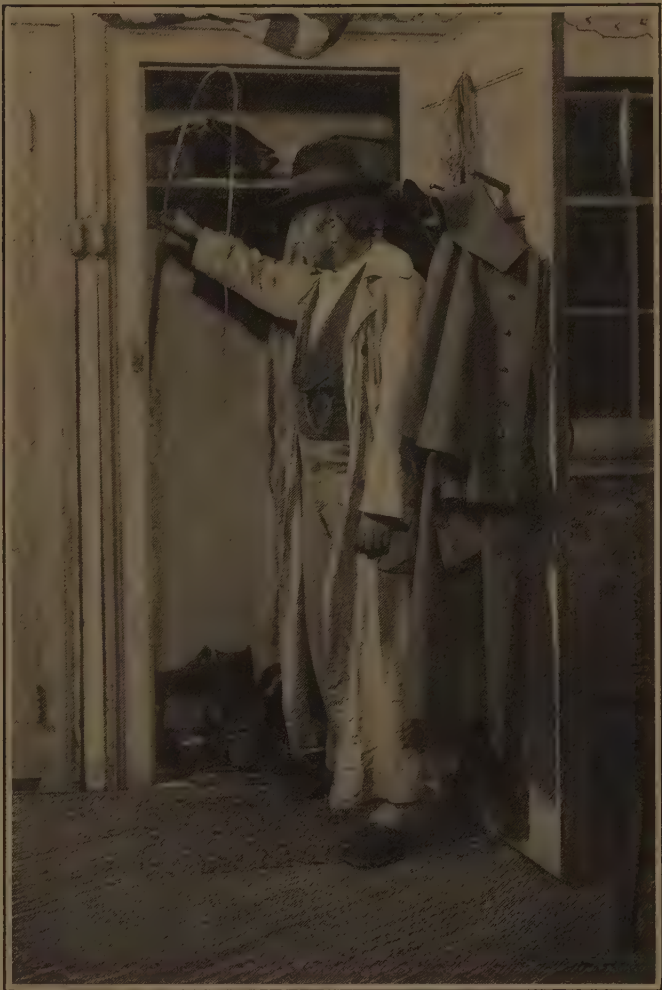
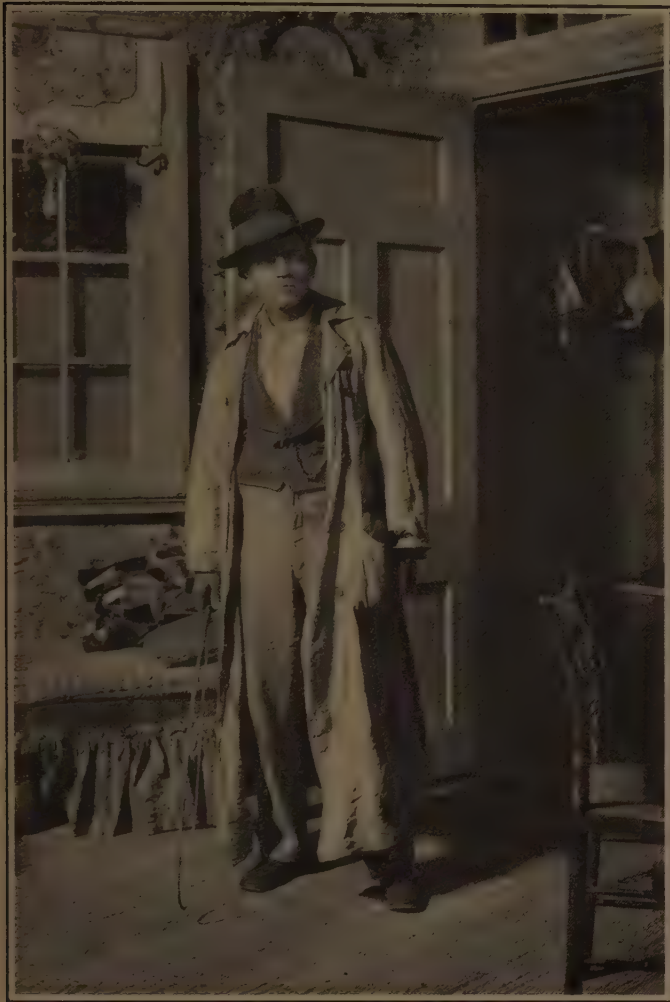


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GERALDINE FARRAR

American dramatic soprano at the Metropolitan Opera House

David Warfield in His New Play "A Grand Army Man"



Byron, N. Y.

ACT I. WES' BIGELOW (MR. WARFIELD) AS HE COMES HOME AFTER DRIVING THE STAGE COACH



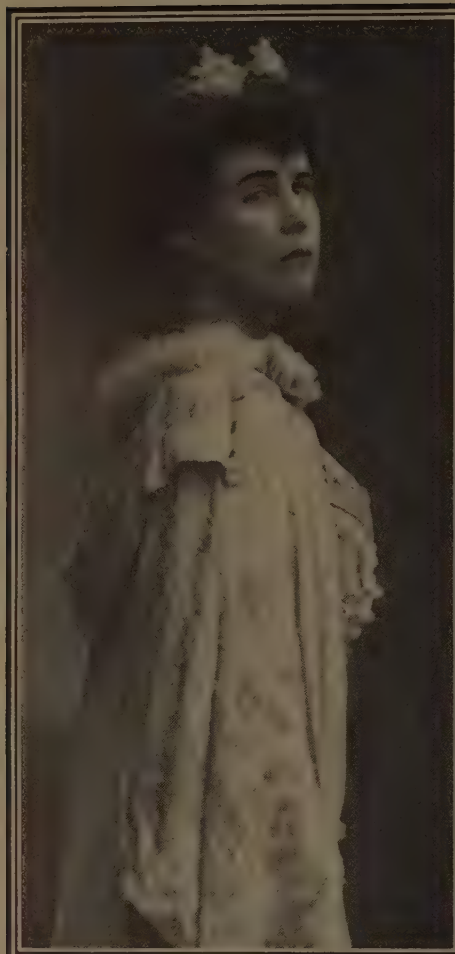
Byron, N. Y.

William Elliott

Marie Bates

Mr. Warfield

ACT I. WES' BIGELOW WATCHING WITH ADMIRATION THE SMARTNESS OF HIS ADOPTED BOY



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BESSIE ABBOTT

Prima donna at the Metropolitan Opera House



GIOVANNI ZENATELLO

New Italian tenor who made his début at the Manhattan with signal success



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ELEANORA DE CISNEROS

Prima donna at the Manhattan Opera House

The Opera Season Opens Brilliantly at the Manhattan

THE opera season opened at the Manhattan Opera House on Nov. 4 with a fine show of enthusiasm. "This is the place to forget Wall Street and the panic," aptly remarked an old soldier of finance on the first night. And it was. Mr. Hammerstein's temple of music was jammed in a manner that would have been a lesson to a sardine packer—and nearly every one was ready and eager to applaud.

During the summer some changes had been made in the opera house interior—new chairs put in the boxes, the stairways had been changed so that the draughts remain outside with the speculators, and many lights added to the stage complement of lighting. So the bodily comforts of the auditors had been more generously provided for, when the curtain rose on Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," the opening opera.

In general this performance was marked by the same artistic enthusiasm that made this opera house interesting last season. Campanini, at the head of his orchestra—which body, by the way, has been much improved—lashed his forces to mighty climaxes and coaxed from them tenderest operatic moods. The stage settings were very satisfying, even if the stage management was at times pretty bad—that jerky full moon and that electric lighting on the sail ship *Hectate*: points easily remedied but none the less fool-

ish to look upon. The costumes were effective, and the chorus sang most admirably and enthusiastically.

Of the principals, the one who came in for most attention was the new tenor Giovanni Zenatello. He is the possessor of a wonderful voice, its upper register beautiful in quality and ample in volume. He had disappointing moments, on the opening night, for his voice at times became cloudy; and this may easily be attributed to nervousness. But he more than atoned for this, and he held forth promise of doing even much bigger things in the near future of the present season. He is temperamental, charges

his phrases with dramatic meaning, and he has a beautiful *legato* within the range of his powers. Again is Mr. Hammerstein to be commended for having introduced us to a new voice of such importance and beauty.

Mme. Gerville-Réache was another voice heard here for the first time. She is a contralto, of wide range, and of stirring lower tones. *La Cieca* is rather a small rôle in which to judge of the full power of her voice. She promises, however, to be a valuable acquisition to Mr. Hammerstein's forces. Adamo Didur, a new basso, also appeared for the first time in this city, and his singing was not of the sort that promises great things. He displayed a tremolo on the opening night—this may have been nervous-



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ALESSANDRO BONCI
(Metropolitan)



Mishkin
LEON CAZAURAN
French lyric tenor whom Mr. Hammerstein discovered in Algeria

ness, again it may have been vocal habit; in either case it is regrettable.

An old favorite in a new vocal home—that fitted the case of Lillian Nordica, who had turned her tonal back upon the Metropolitan, and had pitched her tuneful tent at the Manhattan for the present season. She sang the title rôle, and she did it as she has done it many times before at the other opera house—only, at the Manhattan, her voice sounded freer and bigger. Her singing

of the last act's music was remarkably satisfying. In this act the ensemble between Nordica, Zenatello and De Cisneros was exquisitely done. The latter singer is well remembered by her last season's work. In the rôle of Laura she was not at her best, but she again displayed that opulence of voice that stood her in such good artistic stead last year.

It was an interesting beginning of an interesting season. Among those present were not so many croakers to predict that Oscar Hammerstein would not finish out the season of opera.

Some of these must have died of prickly heat last summer.

Some of the big musical guns of the concert season have already

been fired. They were grouped so close together that the public's ears were impressed by this imposing array: Paderewski, Fritz Kreisler and Josef Hofmann—all within a few days of each other, and all after an absence of several seasons from this music-loving community.

Of this group of exceptional artists Paderewski commanded the lion share of attention. His recital filled Carnegie Hall to bulging, and there were demands for far more seats than the barny place contained. Then, during the recital—for with this pianist the group of encores form an important part of his program—the selfsame scenes of emotional curiosity were again ejected.

Women, and some men, draped themselves about the platform and hung with their ears upon his every note until he had played several encores.

How did he play, this wondrous Pole with the piercing eyes and the poetic hair! Just as he has always played, with the same luscious tone, with the same sentimental fervor—except in the passages of

dramatic moment, and then the storm of emotion was loosed. He thundered, he smote the instrument; he commanded,

as though with clenched fist; and he made this thing of keys, levers and jangling wires yield forth the volume of sound orchestral. Whether it was a matter of principle or purpose, Paderewski at his first recital here this season did not feed the sentimental pap to the multitude as he has done in previous years. He was very parsimonious with that quality, and, as a consequence there were far fewer tear bags unsluiced than of yore. His program began with his own Variations and Fugue, which is an interesting and well-made work, based upon a very cleverly de-

vised theme. But, is it not admitted that the public will have less of variations than of almost any other class of composition? So

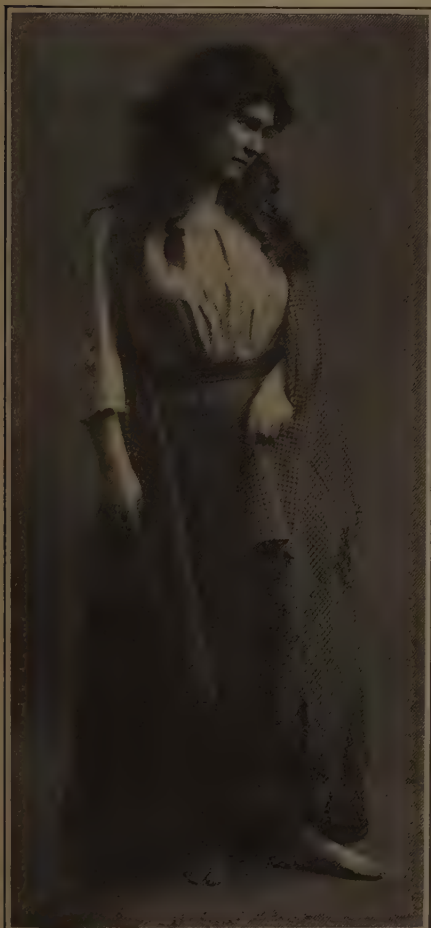
there was scarcely a furore of enthusiasm even over Paderewski's composition in this form, a form usually admitted to be tedious to the listener. Then came Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 27, No. 1, and here the artist indulged in some heavenly beautiful playing. A group of Schubert-Liszt arrangements followed, and were heroically played; after which came a list of Chopin pieces among which was the Etude, Op. 10, No. 5, which was so exquisitely performed that it had to be repeated. A pleasing bit by Stojowski and Liszt's Thirteenth Rhapsodie concluded the printed program. To these were added, as encores, Wagner-Liszt's "Flying Dutchman" Spinning Scene, Rubenstein's Valse Caprice, and



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MME. GERVILLE-REACHE
New French contralto who made a successful début at the Manhattan



MARY GARDEN
In the rôle of Louise



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MME. BRESSLER-GIANOLI AS MIGNON



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CHARLES DALMORES AS LOHENGRIN

Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsodie.

There were many, doubtless, who longed for the more sentimental side of this artist's work, but the interest throughout the afternoon was tense. Has Paderewski grown older, has his art broadened, has his sentiment been buried under a desire to launch forth into dramatic heroics? These are all questions that cannot be answered. The one fine assurance is ever present: that no other pianist can play upon his public as does this remarkable man. His is the personality of the ruler—and the magician!

As a direct contrast was the playing of Josef Hofmann. He has grown tremendously since his last visit here, for he has now admitted to his artistic self that a great deal of sentiment is necessary to convince and sway the public. This quality Josef Hofmann now embodies in his playing; and his performance at Carnegie Hall, in recital, the other day was beautiful principally on this account. Technically this artist has been satisfying for a long time, but he lacked the powers of interesting his hearers. He seemed to take his art and audience for granted—and no audience resents that more than the native one. Now he plays to them, at them; and they were correspondingly delighted. To-day Hofmann has the moods that spell interest to his listeners. He has behind him the fame of a prodigy;



MARK HAMBOURG, THE WELL-KNOWN RUSSIAN PIANIST AND HIS WIFE, WHO IS A DAUGHTER OF SIR KENNETH MUIR-MACKENZIE K. C.

and he seems to have awakened to the fact that he has before him the future of a great pianist and a soulful one. He plays to-day like an artist, not like a child to whom the piano is an irksome instrument.

Fritz Kreisler, the third of the group, came back and appeared first not in recital but in concert. His number was the Brahms Concerto, a work that is very unpopular with the public. But Kreisler, by his performance, makes propaganda for its composer. He shows the audience that here are red blood and glowing flesh—not parched skin drawn over crackling bones. At the same time Fritz Kreisler does not overemotionalize this work; he seems rather to treat it as an honest, thinking artist should. His playing was al-

most beyond reproach: intonation impeccable and phrasing masterful. His presence on the concert platform wins half the battle for him: he stands defiantly and appears to look the work and art squarely in the eye; and his performance is just as straightforward.

Kreisler's appearance was made at the first concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra. This organization has now been placed upon a different basis, it having been removed from the co-operative plan. As a result these men meet every day during the season for rehearsal; and the result is apparent to the listener with half an ear.

To Geraldine Farrar as Madame Butterfly

A city lifts its minarets
To winds that from the desert sweep,
And prisoned Arab women weep
Below the domes and minarets;

Upon a hill in Thessaly
Stand broken columns in a line
Before a cold, forgotten shrine,
Beneath a moon in Thessaly;

A storm is riding on the tide,
Grey is the day, and grey the sky,
Far-off the sea-gulls wheel and cry,—
A storm comes near upon the tide;

But in the world there is no place
So desolate as your tragic face.

ZOE AKINS.



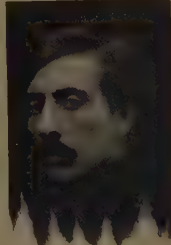
Byron, N. Y.
GERALDINE FARRAR AS MADAME BUTTERFLY
AND THE CHILD TROUBLE

MARTHA LEFFLER
BURCKARDT
(Metropolitan)

RICCARDO MARTIN
(Metropolitan)



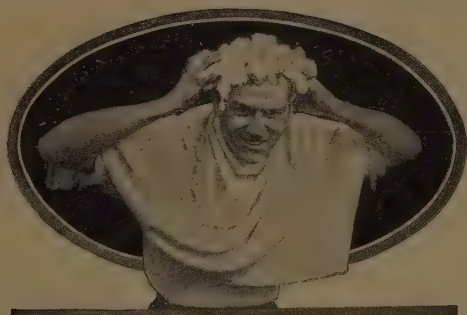
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American pianist who
appears as an artist
for the first time in
his own country



ERNEST SCHELLING
American pianist and
composer now touring
this country



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Who lived on rice, gruel and sago
But to really be frank
'Twas the *White Rock* he drank
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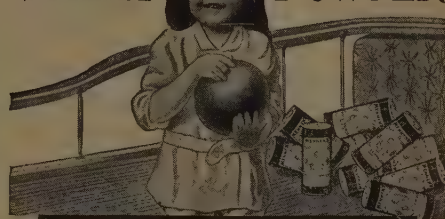
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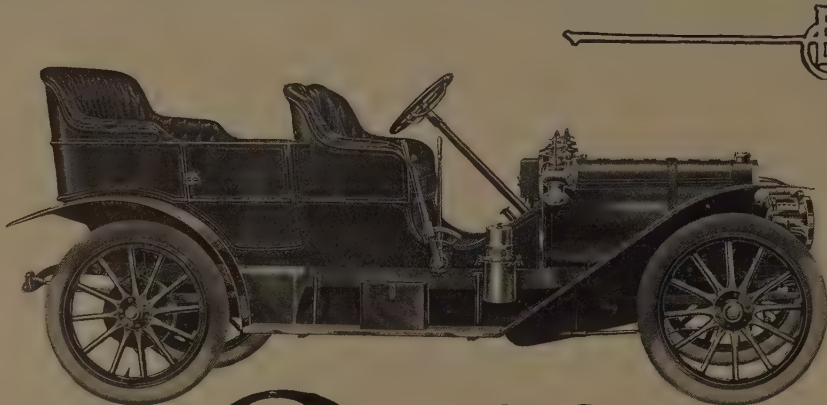
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Stage Door and Where It Leads

(Continued from page 323)

their own. They are working all the season and when their companies close they seek some quiet spot for their summer's rest, so that the stage door is the only entrance they ever know about theatres in which they pass so much of their lives.

The stage door, too, is the rendezvous for those hero worshippers from the gallery, who, after each performance, gather upon the curbstone and spy their favorite actors in the current play as they pass from the stage door to mundane things beyond. There is a morbid curiosity to see the actor without his "make-up" and it is here that it finds expression in stage whispers of recognition, as he or she who has just been through some strong scene, appears upon the sidewalk, bored to death by this obsession of public favor. Again some callous natures feed upon this sort of flattery, and when the crowd of sidewalk admirers is thinner than usual, this vainglorious person believes that his great scene did not go as well as usual at that particular performance.

Alas! too, how many hopes have been dashed to the ground, how many fears realized! The stage door may be the portal by which the artist or the author enters on the way to fame, to fortune, to defeat and ruin. And yet is just an ordinary-looking frame door, but beyond its sill there lies a world beyond, most difficult to conquer, and once won, harder still to deserve and to hold.

Long Titles

Mr. Sothorn has named his new play "The Fool Hath Said in His Heart, There Is No God." That is a very good name for a play and will doubtless set a fashion for longer titles than those we have hitherto been accustomed to. It is not impossible, for instance, that John Drew will be billed to appear in a comedy by Henry Arthur Jones, entitled "His Patent Leather Pumps Would Have Been a Better Fit if He Hadn't Bought Them Ready Made," and Miss Maude Adams' next venture may, though we don't say that it will, be a Barrie farce named "If Sandy Hadn't Foozled on the Thirteenth Hole He Never Would Have Used the Language That First Attracted Lady Babbie's Widowed Heart to His Personal Pulchritude." These titles will all look well on a three-sheet poster, but to a man coming home late at night and trying to tell an indignant wife where he has been, they may present certain grave difficulties.—*Life*.

The Drama and Mechanism

What chance now has the drama against visible splendor and mere show? And yet, can the stage give as much as it takes away? In consequence of this indulgence to the gross external senses, the public appetite becomes sated, and requires to be stimulated by new wonders. Thus expense must be added to expense, and folly to folly, till the force of mechanism can go no farther, and the managers, looking round their deserted theatres, will wonder how the taste for the drama has fled!—*Gazetta del Popolo*.

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"Then I became less despondent, and the desire to be active again showed proof of renewed physical and mental strength.

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Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Wonders of Stage Realism

Parisians love a thrill, and the management of the Grand Guignol lately provided them with one which they will not readily forget. At this well-known theatre a play entitled "En Plongée" was produced, and described as the most cunningly heartless satire ever staged.

The first scene depicted the navigating room of a submarine. A young sub-lieutenant is on his first trip, and the commander, who is an opium-eater—to give the lieutenants a taste of it "before they are due at torpedo practice—gives the order to descend. There are words of command through the speaking-tube, hissing of water as it fills the ballast chambers, thumping of motors, shouts from the unseen engine room—everything done with marvelous truth. You see the submarine sinking. The young lieutenant turns faint and giddy. "Ha, ha! feeling the atmosphere through our steel shell?" says the commander, maddened by the opium, and orders her down. They have nearly reached the resistance limit, when the captain recovers from his fit of temporary madness, and they ascend. A few minutes later they descend again, this time by order of the admiral.

Suddenly the mate rushes in, salutes and reports a leakage fore. Sharp, ringing orders from the commander, but it is no good. The mate is flooded, and through the speaking-tube comes no answer.

The agony grows, discipline wavers, then breaks. "Good-bye, boys," says the commander, and pulls out a revolver.

"No, you'll not die like that; you'll die slowly with us," the mate yells, and tears the revolver away. A mad hope seizes them, and lieutenant, mate, and stoker fight like fiends to climb the ladder. The mate shoots the two others, and is on the ladder, though, of course, to death, and the curtain falls.

The whole catastrophe is done in a flash. The second scene shows the official funeral. Flags fly at half mast, widows in black kneel, a pompous cabinet minister reads the platitudinous stock phrases of official condolence with the compulsory compliments to the builders of the submarine and farewell panegyric of the men who died like heroes, "cheerfully giving up their lives for their country and meeting death with calm attitude, linked in a last embrace of friendly comradeship."

The savage satire of this piece is only equaled by that of another Grand Guignol play entitled "Operations of Professor Verdier." It tells of a famous surgeon, who cuts open eleven people a day on an average. He has lost his gold operating pincers, and can't for the life of him remember which inside he could have left them in. Patients call, and each one brings a ray of hope. "Feel a pain here? Aha! second operation urgent." "No pain? Most unlucky—I mean most fortunate, of course." Two or three people have pains and will be operated on. A girl, in fact, is to be operated on immediately, when, a cup of tea being given her previously, the gold pincers are found in the sugar-basin, the maid having taken them for sugar-tongs. All the operations are "off." But the telephone rings from the hospital: "Opened patients in beds 36, 37, 44 and a few others, but haven't found your pincers." Never mind now. Found the pincers in the sugar-basin. Awful joke, wasn't it? Thanks so much for all your trouble." The plot of this play is not so wild as it sounds, for a great Paris surgeon, some time ago, did really leave a surgical instrument inside a lady. She felt queer, he operated upon her again, and calmly recovered the instrument.—*Tit-Bits*.

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An American actor, who is old enough not to consider himself a *matinée* idol by any means, was somewhat surprised and pleased in a Western hotel a short time ago when a pretty girl stopped him in the corridor and presented him with a rose without saying a word. He was more surprised and less pleased to receive a note the following day reminding him of the incident, and asking him to send the giver of the flower two seats at the theatre in which he was playing "as a memento of the occasion."

"My dear young lady," the actor replied, waxing sarcastic as he realized what had been the object of the attention he had been paid, "I should be glad to send you the seats you ask for, but, on consultation with the manager of the theatre, I have been informed that the seats are all fastened down, and that he is opposed to having them sent away as souvenirs."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may submit more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

G. S. H.—Q.—Is Arthur Byron the only Byron taking the part of Ryder in "The Lion and the Mouse"? A.—Yes.

G. W. B., De Land, Fla.—Q.—Have you printed copy of the play "The Lion and the Mouse"? A.—No. Q.—"What Happened to Jones"? A.—No. Address to authors or managers. Also for "The Wrong Mr. Wright."

P. E. G., Reading, Pa.—Q.—Please give date of death of Joseph Jefferson. A.—April 23, 1905. Q.—Death of Sir Henry Irving? A.—October 13, 1905. Q.—Please state price of pictures in THE THEATRE MAGAZINE? A.—From 75 cents up.

E. E. E.—Q.—Where can I procure a copy of Belasco's play "The Darling of the Gods"? A.—Address Mr. Belasco.

G. V. M.—Q.—How can I sell a Greek play? A.—It is easier to pass through the eye of a needle than to persuade the average manager to read one.

R. F. D.—Q.—Is it necessary to obtain the author's permission to dramatize his story? A.—Most certainly.

A. J., Grand Rapids, Mich.—Please give synopsis of scenes in the Proctor Fifth Avenue Stock Co.'s production of "Oliver Twist" two years ago. A.—Write to the Proctor manager. Such questions are not in our line.

C. T., Virginia.—Q.—Will "Pocahontas" be played this season? A.—It was recently seen at the Lyric Theatre, this city.

A Constant Subscriber.—For a "tragic recitation" consult some of the many published books of recitations which can be seen at any bookseller's. Q.—Can a person make money by dramatizing a book and selling the play? A.—First secure permission of the author. Then if you work is good you may see it.

E. R. W.—For the name of the song sung in "Treasure of the Wells" write to Miss Mannering herself.

A Diligent Reader, Winona, Minn.—Q.—Can you give a list of actors and actresses who have played "L'Aiglon"? A.—The most important ones who have played the title rôle are Sarah Bernhardt and Maudie Adams. Q.—Have only actresses attempted this part, in so, why? A.—The rôle was written for a woman. Q.—Was the Duke of Reichstadt the real son of Napoleon? A.—He was.

H. S., Ft. Wayne, Ind.—Q.—During Francis Wilson's tour did "Cousin Billy" precede "The Little Father of the Wilderness"? A.—No, vice versa.

Stage Struck.—Q.—How would it be possible for a young girl to obtain a position in a first-class theatrical company? A.—Merely by applying for it, or by going to a good dramatic school and showing talent.

A. S. W., North Adams, Mass.—Q.—How can I dispose of a play? A.—Consult a reliable playbroker or submit it directly to managers or actors. No addresses given.

Curious.—Melville Ellis has appeared in a number of musical comedies and comic opera including "The Toreador," "The Orchid" last year, and at present is appearing in "The Gay White Way." He has also filled numerous vaudeville engagements.

Reader of Magazine, Alameda, Cal.—Q.—Where and at what price can I purchase a copy of "Mizpah"? A.—Write to any large bookseller.

Dr. S., Englewood, N. J.—Q.—Have you ever published pictures of Eva Tanguay? A.—No.

M. H. A., Seligman, Arizona.—Q.—Where can I obtain a dramatic version of "The Virginian"? A.—Write to Messrs. Liebler & Co. Q.—Photos of Dustin Farnum? A.—Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d St., New York City.

Albuquerque.—Q.—What is the Playgoers' Club of New York? A.—A club of men and women who attend the theatrical performances and then discuss the plays. Q.—What is the Players' Gallery to which you sometimes refer in your columns? A.—A publication which after a few issues became THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. Q.—Please give brief account of the career of Mrs. Thomas Whiffen? A.—Born in London, Eng., March 18, 1845. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Galton. Made her debut in 1865 at the Royalty Theatre, London in a burlesque "Tusco the Terrible." Married Thomas Whiffen in 1866 and came to America as contralto of the Galton Opera Co. Was the original Little Buttercup in "Pinafore." She was for six years connected with Mallory's Madison Square Theatre, New York. Was in the cast of the original "Hazel Kirke." For fourteen years a member of Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre Co., and for four years with Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre Co. Has supported Mary Mannering, Eleanor Robson, Ethel Barry more and was with Margaret Anglin in the rôle of Lady Claverling in "Zira."

H. H. S.—Consult vaudeville agencies for a chance to give your performance. If it is as good as you think you should have no difficulty in getting a trial.

V. H. B., Los Angeles, Cal.—Would like to know the whereabouts of William W. Cameron, formerly member of the team of Wilson and Cameron, acrobatic songs and dances.

B. F. S.—Q.—Did Montgomery and Stone ever play "The Wizard of Oz" at Augusta? A.—This piece was given in 1904 and 1905 in Augusta, but both times the Swon Bros. took the leading rôles. To the best of our knowledge they never did.

L.—Q.—When and where did William J. Kelly first appear? A.—We cannot say, but he was for some years a leading man with the Proctor's 125th Street Stock Company of this city. A picture of him with a brief paragraph appeared in THE THEATRE MAGAZINE for June, 1906.

F. M.—We are unable to give you any information about "The Usurper," played in Philadelphia in 1829.

M. H., Adel R. and P. M. B.—Photographs of M. Paul McAllister, a favorite leading man with the Proctor Stock Company of this city appeared in this magazine for July, 1903, and September, 1907.

E. C. E.—Q.—Who were the leading characters in "Beauty and the Beast" five or six years ago? A.—Harry Bulger, Chas. J. Ross, Joseph Cawthorne. Q.—At what theatre was it played? A.—The Broadway. Q.—How large a chorus? A.—Cannot say.

R. V.—Q.—Have you published any pictures of Robert L. Dempster alone? A.—No, one of him in a scene from "The Road to Yesterday" only, in June, 1907. Q.—Can pictures of him be had of Meyer Bros.? A.—Yes. Q.—Shall you interview him in your chats with players? A.—Not at present.

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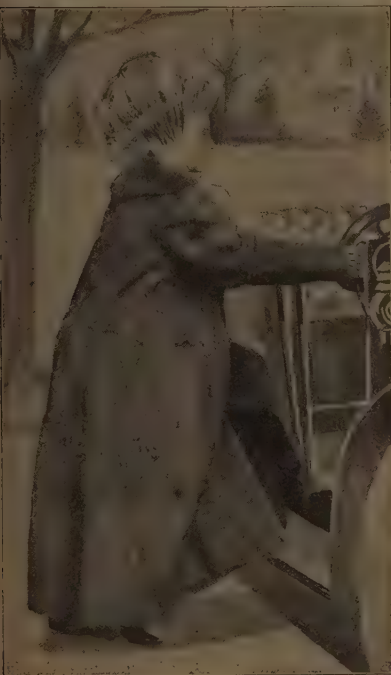
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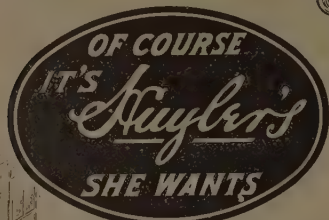
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Theatricals in Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Nov. 15.—"The Christian Pilgrim," with Henrietta Crozman, pleased sober Philadelphians, so did "Ben Hur's" return engagement at the Opera House. The piece drew greater crowds than ever.

"The Road to Yesterday" at the Adelphi was something of a novelty and made a favorable im-



Entrance to Chestnut St. Theatre, Philadelphia

pression. Minnie Duprée played the leading rôle admirably and was well supported.

Blanche Bates returned to the Lyric with "The Girl of the Golden West." The part of Sheriff was taken by Cuyler Hastings who replaces Frank Keenan. The piece drew large crowds.

"Fifty Miles from Boston" returned to the Broad with George M. Cohan, who shared the honors with Emma Janvier, Edna Wallace Hopper and Fitz Williams. Richard Carle and that gay bird, "The Spring Chicken," delighted large audiences.

Blanche Walsh appeared at the Broad in "The Straight Road." Virginia Harned received a cordial welcome in "Anna Karenina."

"Fascinating Flora" came dancing into town with Adele Ritchie as the blithesome young per-



Entrance to Adelphi Theatre, Philadelphia

son. Unfortunately, the managerial tendency to reduce expenses on the road has resulted in giving Philadelphia a company not quite up to the standard of that which carried it through a long run in New York.

Ermate Novelli appeared at the Adelphi in "Papa Lebonnard," supported by his own company. The play was favorably viewed.

Sam Bernard was seen at the Garrick in "The Rich Mr. Hoggeneheimer," and at the Broad Frank Daniels returned in "The Tabooed Man."

The attractive girliness and the costume and scenic splendor of the typical Anna Held show was sufficient to crowd the Opera House nightly when this vivacious French actress returned in "The Parisian Model."

At the Chestnut Street Theatre the Orpheum Dramatic Stock Company has presented the following plays: "Lady Windemere's Fan," "The Undertow," "Leah Kleschna," and "A Modern Magdalene." This stock company has made a very favorable impression and is drawing good houses. Lillian Laurence has replaced Josephine Lovett as leading lady.

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At the Playhouse

(Continued from page 320)

raised if not treated with the greatest of detail and introspective description become simply the obvious resources of conventional melodrama. And this is the evident and positive weakness of the play. To show what a devil of a cynic he is, a procession of characters appear in the first scene. With each he has a colloquy. Most have fallen under his spell for ill and to each he tosses epigrams that are not convincing or brilliant. The result is an act of talk and no action. It is the baldest kind of a presentment of premises. What follows gives little in dramatic value. He visits a water front resort in Montreal in a semi-drunken state, is hit over the head and tossed into the river, only to be rescued by Joe Portugais, a Canadian trapper whom he saved once from the gallows. The Canuck takes him to his retreat in the wilds where Steele recovers his health but not his mind. The past is a blank. Here he falls in love with a product of the wilds, but a visiting doctor performs an operation and the past comes back. He did have a wife, who in his absence has married again, but as the blossom of the wilderness is a sincere Catholic and is influenced by her father of the church with whom Steele has numerous theological discussions of little value, he is left at the end to go forth somewhere to struggle with himself aided by the faithful Portugais. The recital of all this produces some vigorous scenes of obvious melodrama, but it is not convincing through errors of "damnable iteration" and utter falseness to truth. Guy Standing as Steele does some straightforward acting. It is not subtle, but it is picturesque, pleasing, and manly. As the faithful Portugais Theodore Roberts has plenty of local color and an intelligible dialect. It is a sound piece of characterization, but in theatrical parlance it reeks of "fat."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
For the Home and Office.

ASTOR. "TOM JONES." Comic opera in three acts. Book by Robert Courtneidge and A. M. Thompson. Lyrics by Charles H. Taylor. Music by Edward German. Produced Nov. 11th with this cast:

Tom Jones, Mr. Wheeler; Mr. Allworthy, Albert Pelaton; Blini, Vaughan Trevor; Benjamin Partridge, Mr. Norris; Squire Western, Henry Norman; Gregory, John Bunny; Grizzle, Bernard Gorcy; Dobbin, Charles Horne; Squire Cloddy, E. P. Foster; Pimlott, E. W. Bowman; Tony, E. A. Clark; An Officer, Whitlock Davis; Colonel Hamstead, Banning Willis; Tom Edwardes, Charles Kingsland; Colonel Wilcox, John Hassan; Sophia, Miss Gunning; Honour, Miss Quinlan; Lady Bellaston, Laura Butler; Etoff, Jessie Richmond.

"Tom Jones," a musical version of Henry Fielding's hero—stripped of some of his amative daring—has held the boards in London for months; nevertheless, in bringing the work to Broadway, Henry Savage proved himself a brave man. The piece is too good to please the average American theatregoer whose taste in things dramatic has been degraded by inane musical comedy. The book is bright, the music is exquisite, the *mise-en-scène* beautiful. The cast contains at least one genuine comedian and a number of excellent singers. Yet with all this, it will probably fail to draw the lobster class. The "boulder" will object that the music is not "catchy," he will also resent the absence of scantily draped show girls, vulgar horseplay and imbecile slapstick foolery. For these reasons this delightful and artistic production, like its equally charming predecessor "Veronique," may not receive the popular support which it is entitled to.

The music is by Edward German, an ambitious English composer, who has written some very praiseworthy works—particularly, the incidental music to Sir Henry Irving's Shakespeare productions; and in "Tom Jones" this composer has indulged his taste for old English dances and madrigals. He has done this like a man and a musician, and he has produced music that is worthy of serious consideration—if only the audience will give it that! The book by Robert Courtneidge and A. M. Thompson is obvious and purified, Squire Western saying "Damn me" only a few times. But he looks as though he were bursting with what he left unsaid. This rôle was excellently played by Henry Norman.

That artistic comedian, William Norris, who is seen too seldom on our stage, came into our risible midst again with a screamingly funny and artistic interpretation of Benjamin Partridge, a village barber. He is nimble of foot and fleet of tongue, and his legs punctuate his remarks. Louise Gunning sang and acted Sophia admirably. She sang in a manner and with a voice that are too rare on the comic opera stage. Musically she was absolutely footsure, and her work in ensemble numbers was capital. Gertrude Quinlan



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"Time and experience," says a famous French writer, "have shown that chocolate, carefully prepared, is an article of food as wholesome as it is agreeable; that it is nourishing, easy of digestion, and does not possess those qualities injurious to

was her maid, Honour, and she, too, acted well but sang unsatisfyingly. The Tom Jones was Van Rensselaer Wheeler. He was graceful and convincing, and made the most of his part and his gifts. There were a lot of others, some fairly important—and they proved that the company is especially well cast. The chorus is beautifully trained, it sings impressively, and the work is splendidly mounted. This all argues that "Tom Jones" ought to be a success. Let us hope that it will be, for if it is it will reflect credit upon the musical taste of a New York audience of comic opera.

LIBERTY. "THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM." Morality dramatized from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," by James MacArthur. Music by William Furst. Produced Nov. 11th with this cast:

Christian, Henrietta Crosman; Beelzebub, Tyrone Power; Hopeful, Mr. Mackay; Arrogance, Mr. Pearce; Envy, Mr. Lawrence; Superstition, Mr. Rogers; Worldly Wiseman, Mr. Pitt; The Wanton, Miss Adams; Faith, Miss Adelman; Piety, Miss Noble.

No one can withhold from Miss Crosman applause for her courage in lavishly applying the resources of the stage to a slender version of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." "The Christian Pilgrim," as the allegorical play was entitled, was a triumph as a production. That must be conceded, even though the piece proved a failure. The task of accommodating the material to the stage was no easy one. The flames of Hell can be nothing else than spectacular, and if we are to obtain a glimpse of Heaven it must be by means of those devices of the stage which conform to popular conceptions. If Christian is to wear the shining armor of Faith it must come from the armorer's shop and cannot be left in the keeping of the imagination only. If he is to encounter the Giant Despair, we must traverse the region of Fable, accept it all as children have always done, with the result of getting something like a Christmas pantomime. There is nothing objectionable in this, else we would have to condemn and minimize Bunyan himself.

But as acted drama, the play was a disappointment. It did not hold one. It was merely a series of stage pictures. We need give no account of the adventures of Bunyan's pilgrim. They constitute a drama, but it requires a studied care to present it on the stage so as to make every character self-explanatory, and to give continuity and connection to the evolution of spiritual experiences. Each scene must be dramatic and perfect in itself. This effect was partly accomplished, and it may still be fully accomplished by some revision. Monotony of expression will have to be supplanted by variety to correspond with every change of emotion. It is so easy to adopt artificiality in exalted things, whereas simplicity is the one thing needed to counteract the glitter and pretension of those elements that are in themselves essentially theatrical. It would be difficult to imagine a figure of the stage, of the imagination or of life, with a greater range of emotion than Christian. He should be played without conscious pose or any touch of theatricalism. Unfortunately, on the stage sincerity and reverence of spirit in the performance of such a character is not enough. Artistic as well as natural acting is required. Bunyan's Fable is not theological. It is intensely human. It sets forth no creed that cannot be accepted by anyone and everyone. We do not believe that there is any subject or any form of the drama worthy of the intelligent consideration of the public that cannot safely and successfully be confided to that public if properly presented. For instance, "Everyman," a morality play very similar to this one, met with instant success. We would be reduced to a state of ridiculous imbecility if musical comedies were our sole resource for recreation and edification. If a serious subject gains no patronage it is a wholly false assumption that the fault lies with the vitiated taste of the people. In case of failure, in any human endeavor, one must look at home to find the fault. "The Christian Pilgrim" can be improved so that it will reward Miss Crosman. The presentation of the series of allegorical pictures, impressive and significant in themselves, can be improved with reference to the connective dramatic action. Why not? Why should not Christianity be awaiting Christian, after he has passed the River of Death, and reaches the Celestial City, and, above all, why should not Christian meet every situation with a full expression of the emotion required? Mr. Tyrone Power was pre-eminent in the acting, having opportunities as Beelzebub, Apollyon, Lord Hategood and Giant Despair.

MADISON SQUARE. "THE COMING OF MRS. PATRICK." Play in four acts by Rachel Crothers. Produced November 6 with this cast:

Dr. Bruce, Melville Stewart; Mr. Lawton, James L. Carhart; Billy Lawton, Walter Thomas; Tom Crowl, Forrest Winant; Daddy Birmingham, Sheldon Lewis;



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Matherson, Geo. H. Wiseman; Eleanor Lawton, Elizabeth Stewart; Nina Lawton, Millicent Evans; Pauline Shank, Minnette Barrett; Chrissy Heath, Perla Landers; Maria, Lillie Eldridge; Mrs. Patrick, Laura Nelson Hall.

The coming of Laura Nelson Hall in the new play by Rachel Crothers was more notable and complete than the coming of Mrs. Patrick, but the play itself has distinct merit in design and only needs a balancing of certain equations in order to become popular and to realize the intent, philosophical and technical, of the writer. The tendency of the stage of this moment, among dramatists from whom we can take hope, is toward freedom from conventionality with newness of subject and character. The treatment, in its details, accomplishes this. The least of the characters, a butler, strikes the note of naturalness and upon that key all the characters are played. This movement in the direction of naturalness is something that must be welcomed and we are pleased to recognize in it a theory of writing as well as of acting which in good time will banish the stock characters from the stage. A certain remnant of artificiality exists in some of the incidents and situations, but this defect is not one of intent.

The story of the play, in a few words, is that a trained nurse comes into a family to care for an afflicted mother, brings sunshine with her, and incidentally saves the family from unhappiness by preventing the elopement of the son with an unworthy girl and frustrating the marriage of the daughter with a man who has made this girl his victim. We say "incidentally," that is the weakness of the action. What this delightful nurse does is commendable and dramatic; how she does it is equally natural and impressive; why she does it is without sufficient foundation. Effects are there without commensurate causes. If we may be permitted to conjecture the original processes of the mind of the dramatist, the nurse was in love with the doctor who introduced her into the household and who was in love with the older daughter. She would have wished to save the family because the happiness of the man she loved was involved; and we may assume that a stage manager laid his unholy hand upon this cornerstone of this play or that in trying to get away from a certain supposed conventionality Miss Crothers destroyed this proper equation. This equation being destroyed others fell down in succession, the result being that in the end, after the nurse had persuaded the doctor that he is in love with the older daughter of the house and has been blind to his own feelings, the situation is absurd when the doctor declares his love for her after having proposed to the other woman.

The situation is also a false one in which Mrs. Patrick, after having plied the son with drink in order to keep him from meeting an engagement with the unworthy girl for an elopement and having agreed to marry him herself when he unexpectedly proposes to her in his maudlin sentimentality, refuses to deny the accusation in the presence of the doctor and the family that she was artfully trying to entrap the son. It secures a curtain, and an additional act, but there is every reason that she should tell the truth at this point and not suffer herself to be driven from the house and misunderstood by the man she really loves. Another false equation is when she consents to remain in the house, at the end of the succeeding act, because the doctor urges that her skillful assistance is needed at an operation that he is to perform on the mother. If the cause of her remaining were distinctly and forcefully confined to the love that the mother had acquired for her during her stay and the needed support of that love in the critical moment, the action would have been consistent and the proof of the necessity of her staying would have been conclusive.

The character of Mrs. Patrick is well conceived, while the actress in the part, Laura Nelson Hall, is charming both in her fictional and personal character. She is pleasing to the eye, gratifying to every good sentiment, intelligent in the highest degree, natural and yet artistic without a trace of artificiality. She will be liked and will grow in favor. She suits the play and the play suits her.

KNICKERBOCKER. "THE HOYDEN." Musical comedy from the French by Cosmo Hamilton. Music by John L. Golden and Robert Hood Bowers. Produced October 19 with this cast:

Thomas Talbot, Samuel Reed; Harry Talbot, Arthur Stanford; Major Finch, Robert Lett; Dr. Julian Gousse, Armand Kalisz; Hon. Bertie Cecil, Lionel Walsh; Louis, Robert Ward; Theobald, Larry Ward; Lucy Talbot, Kathryn Hutchinson; Joan Talbot, Elsie Janis; Miss Herminia Smith, Annie Esmond; Henriette, Isabel D'Armond; Rita Santacieri, Nellie Beaumont; Mlle. La Clairrette, La Novetta; Maud de Maulan, Ella Rock; Claris Angier, Elise Steele; Thais Coutier, Eleanor Pendleton; Danton, manager of hotel, H. Depp.

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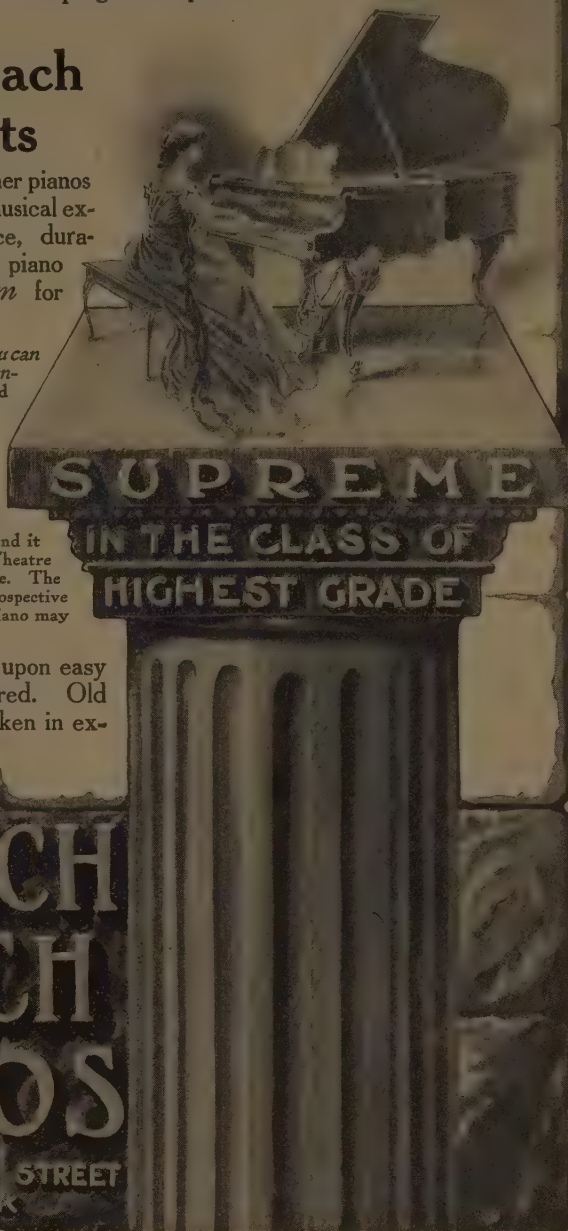
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much assurance of lasting success. Nor in its preliminary stages was it an altogether satisfactory performance. But the observant manager has been at work. The weak spots have been strengthened; the gaiety has been advanced; inadequate players have been superseded by more talented entertainers until now the audiences at the Knickerbocker—considerable in size—are quite satisfied with the medium which exploits the winsome personality of Miss Elsie Janis. There is quite an interesting story touching the inception of this musical piece. Tristan Bernard of Paris devised a comedy. The scenario was submitted to Charles Frohman, who bought the idea and commissioned Cosmo Hamilton to turn it into a libretto, which with some American suggestions, additions and emendations, now figures as "The Hoyden." Bernard retained the Parisian rights to his idea and under the title of "La Soeur," a genuine comedy was presented at the French capital with more than fair success. In this—shall it be said legitimate form?—the charm of the original idea is worked out with a nice appreciation of balance and the nuances. There is a good story and the characters are developed with nice skill and sustained effect. Now in extenuation of Mr. Hamilton's work it must be said that he was called upon to utilize for musical purposes a plot the value of which is modified and restricted every time a musical number is introduced. It was a story too much dependent upon characterization, for treatment as a vehicle on which to depend musical numbers. But it is a graceful and agreeable entertainment and Miss Janis dashes through it with humor and charm. It does lend itself plausibly to her imitations which are marvels of graphic mimicry. Her audiences never seem to have enough. Joan Talbot, the hoyden, thinks her sister has been jilted and determines to find out why. She falls in love herself with the apparently recreant lover only to find in the end that the sister really broke the engagement because she preferred another. Ben Teal has staged the piece with his accustomed skill, the quiet yet effective curtains at the end of each act being a particularly agreeable innovation. The score has musical merit and popular quality. The greater part is contributed by Mr. Golden, whose individual numbers mark him for preferment in line of work. The women's costumes are superb and models of up-to-date Parisian daintiness and elegance of cut. Arthur Stanford plays with ease and distinction as the lover, and Lionel Walsh is more than amusing in one of the inevitable "silly ass" types. The second pair of lovers receive nice treatment at the hands of Kathryn Hutchinson and Armand Kalisz. Nellie Beaumont as Rita Santacieri is dashing and amusing and scores a pronounced hit with Mr. Golden's song emphasizing the value of advertising.

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GARRICK. "ARTIE." Comedy in four acts by George Ade. Produced October 28 with this cast:

Artie Blanchard, Laurance Wheat; Roscoe Miller, Hale Norcross; Walter Marshall, Frank Craven; Jason Burleigh, Joseph Brennan; Winfield Scott Carroll, Joseph M. Sparks; Jonas Leech, Louis R. Gristel; Jimmy Larkin, William Harrigan; Buff Hartigan, Thomas H. Wilson; Mr. Hall, Sidney Irving; Mr. Sweeney, James A. Leahy; Henry, Frederick Wallace; Bradley, Daniel Corse; Pasquale Montagni, Serrano Vincenzo; Mamie Carroll, Vina Stowe; Mrs. W. S. Carroll, Rose Baudet; Susie Connolly, Claire Kulp; Lizzie Connolly, Virginia Milton; Vinie Jenkins, Grace Fisher.

Mr. George Ade has a characteristic felicity of expression and he reflects a flippancy of the day in a method that beguiles you at every moment. The characters in his play can hardly, at any time, be fairly described as dull. Much of their philosophy has a sordid metallic ring and some of the speeches uttered by his characters, bright as they are, are depressing because they so truly represent certain views of the day that are perverted. Mr. Ade has one strongly marked dramatic faculty. It does not concern the form of a play. It is his objective state of mind with reference to character. He does not dally with sentiment, but he does portray character with absolute fidelity.

"Artie" is perhaps not a harmful play, and yet it is not harmless. The story of the play, that which holds it together, represents a young man, a clerk in the office of a real estate agent, who discovers that a railway is projected through a certain street and that the real estate or railway people can be forced to pay a larger sum than they otherwise would if he could secure the property and hold it against them. He manages to do this, possessing nothing but his salary of twelve dollars a week, and a gold watch which was left him by his father, who had been gov-

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Geo. P. Way, inventor

nor of the state. It is to be observed that this statement by Artie is received by the machine politicians in every audience with a pleased smile. His father was not a grafter, and the fact that he neglected his opportunities is freely accepted as fine humor. Mr. Ade excels in reaching this discernment of the great public. Artie clears twelve thousand dollars by the "deal" and "marries the girl" with whom he is in love. The play is in four acts. One scene is the annual bazaar and ball of Woodworkers' Union No. 17; the second is in front of the Carroll home, Cedar street; the third the office of Burleigh & Co., realtors in real estate; the fourth at Burleigh's Park, selling lots in the new subdivision. It will be observed that in each act there is a different subject or atmosphere. The process of making the play is at once apparent. Whatever Mr. Ade may have written on these four subjects may be utilized. In this way it can easily happen that the speeches for the characters are ready-made before they spring out of the action and before any plot has provided for their existence. It is a false method of playwriting and yet not an entirely impracticable one; but it leads to much that is forced. We may laugh at the brightness of many of the lines and yet feel their lack of spontaneity. They were not exactly born of the moment. It would not be true to say that the play was lacking in elements of action. Again, in themselves, the characters are true types. It is in their relationships that the artificiality is felt. Abundance of incidental detail is in accordance with nature, but superabundance is not consistent with drama, which, by the way, is the same as common sense. Thus, it is diverting to have a laboring man, in overalls, pass over the stage with a growler foaming over with beer (the effect of foam possibly being obtained by means of yeast or some chemical); it is comical to the few (particularly to the stage manager as he chuckles in the wings) to see a red-headed, freckled-faced boy, never before having served as an exhibit, appear at an upper window in Cedar street, laughing with wide-open mouth revealing defective teeth, as a part of the riotous ending of an act. It is by the collection of such trifles that plays of this kind are largely made.

LYRIC. "MISS POCAHONTAS." Musical comedy in two acts. Book by R. A. Barnett and R. M. Baker. Music by Dan J. Sullivan, Augustus Barrett and Carl Willmore. Produced October 28 with this cast:

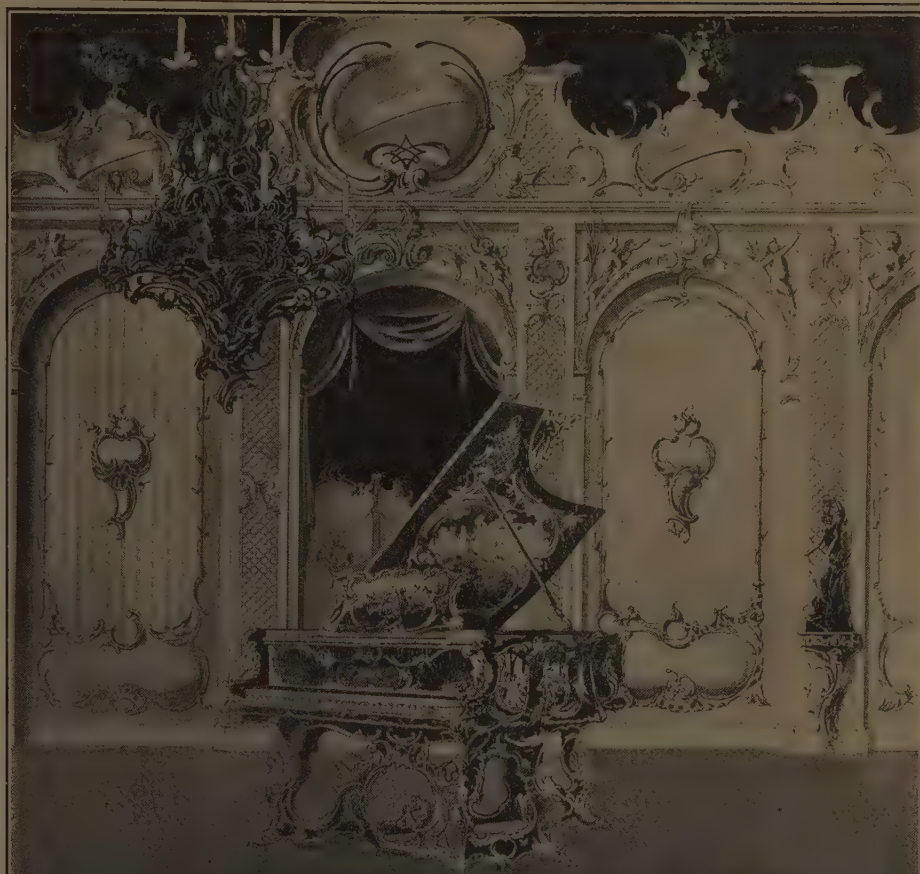
Capt. John Smith, Walter Jones; Pow-Ha-Tan, George LeSair; Mighty Medicine Man, Neil McNeil; Soan-Ge-Ta-Ha Harold Crane; John Rolfe, George Fox; Freckled-Thunder-Cloud, John Peachey; Man-Who-Soaked-Father, Nathan Rees; Splinter-In-His-Foot, Edith Miller; Deep-Voice-In-His-Chest, J. E. Scott; Contractor McLaughlin, Daniel Hall; Not-Afraid-Of-A-Lunch, Frank Hunter; Panting-Pants-Of-The-Panther, C. Vandiver; Jane, Rolfe's sister, Blanche Devo; Kee-Kee-Kee-Wan-Da-See, Anna McNabb; Wah-Wah-Tay-See, Violet Zell; Shoo-Shaw-Emilie Wellington; No-More-Sha-Lottie Parker; O-Pee-Chee, Lucine Bernard; Quisquinta, Phila. More Terry; Messengers Boy, Lucine Bernard; Bride, Violet Zell; Bridegroom, Lester Allen; Pocahontas, Marie Dupuis.

An opera which abandons its story half way and degenerates into a variety performance is something that trifles with the public and is amazing for its imbecility and effrontery. There is an odd hallucination among some people of the stage that they can justify any production by inserting in the bill a descriptive note of this kind: "A bit of foolery, music and movement, which makes no dramatic pretensions, has very little reason and not much rhyme, and whose only 'mission' is to add 'just a little bit more' to the gaiety of nations. A certain event in American history is supposed to be mixed up somewhere in the 'plot.'" If a play or an opera has no dramatic pretensions of any kind it has no business on the stage. There is really no half-way ground. A play or an opera, if it is to interest as a play or an opera, must necessarily have dramatic form: without it it may be a variety entertainment. It must be one or the other. There is a tendency toward the episodic in playwriting at present, but the proper skill can make those episodes coherent so that there is no difficulty in classifying the production. "Miss Pocahontas" does make pretensions to being an opera and to having a story, and no disclaimer in a prefatory note can dispose of this fact.

GARDEN. "THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY." Comedy in three acts, by Anne Warner. Produced Nov. 12th with the following cast:

Betty Burnett, Nora O'Brien; Clover, Geo. A. Stevenson; Lucinda, Nina Saville; Joshua, Harry Cowley; John Watkins, Jr., David Proctor; Robert Burnett, Francis Herblin; Mitchell, Jack Storey; Aunt Mary Watkins, May Robson; Mrs. Daisy Mullins, Grace Parks Fiske; Messenger Boy, Harry Jones; Mr. Stebbins, William Lewis; James, George F. Hall; Maid, Eva Bingham; The Girl from Kalamazoo, Margaret Drew.

From one of her own short stories, published some four or five years ago, Anne Warner has



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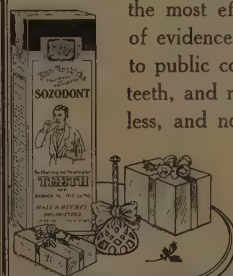
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All this, in a style whose charm proves that Ellen Terry writes as well as she acts, is told in her personal reminiscences now appearing in

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 68 East 23d Street, New York

constructed a play that served as a vehicle for the reappearance in New York of the clever character actress May Robson. The stage lumber, in the story's material, was, however, insufficient, and the vehicle proved too slight to carry even Miss Robson very far.

Aunt Mary is an old lady whose heart rules her head and purse strings. She lives in a small New England village, where her time is apparently divided between scolding her housemaid, Lucinda, and writing checks for a scam of a nephew named Jack. All the young man's troubles she attributes to the influence of the despised city. A misunderstanding, easily explained away except in stageland, leads her to banish Jack until Act II, when she follows him to the city to be reconciled. Here Jack and his chums proceed to show her a high old time, so that instead of rising in indignation at the sights she sees in the Great Wicked City, she becomes so enamored of the life that Act III finds her planning to sell the farm and move near the attractions of the metropolis.

It is a character play with the contradictory yet lovable character of Aunt Mary serving as the peg on which to hang a string of incidents, old stories and ancient Reuben jokes. The other rôles are mere shadow pictures cast from stock characters that have served since plays began, and which form a drop curtain before which the central figure walks. There is no attempt at character differentiation, and the plot with not a garment of probability hides its bareness behind a screen of bright lines.

Miss Robson, in the rôle of Aunt Mary, is funny in her usual happy, brisk fashion, but, while her quick changes of mood are effective, she shows none of the subtleties of finer comedy with which the part might easily be imbued.

MAJESTIC. "THE TOP O' THE WORLD." Musical extravaganza in two acts. Book by Mark

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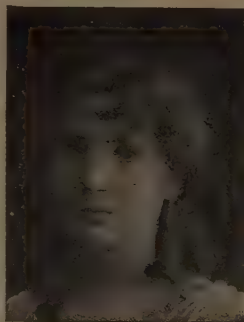
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Jefferson De Angelis Says:



"THERE are two things in my life that give me great pleasure," remarked Jefferson De Angelis, recently, as he sat in his dressing room at the Casino, "my automobile and my Pianola. I am particularly fond of music, and had often gone with a friend of mine to hear a Philadelphia organist play on the Pianola. Finally, one day I stopped in at the Pianola warerooms in this city and heard some selections, and I have owned a Pianola now for about two years.

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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO., 26 West 33d Street, New York

E. Swan. Lyrics by James O'Dea. Music by Manuel Klein and Anna Caldwell. Produced October 19 with this cast:

Kris Kringle, Russell Bassett; Kankakee, Roger Dolan; Maida, Kathleen Clifford; Billy, Bessie Franklin; Shellman, Harry Fairleigh; Westinghouse Morse, John McVeigh; Kokomo, Anna Laughlin; Jack in the Box, Fred Bailey; The Candy Kid, Ralph Austin; The Friendly Bear, Arthur Hill; Stalacta, Blanche Wayne; Prince Tinytim, Helene Montrose; Jack Frost, George Majeroni; Ice Guards, Mary Mooney and Carolyn Barber; Aurora Borealis, George W. Monroe; Chief of Police, Bobbie Nolan.

This extravaganza, whose spectacular features, plot and general treatment vividly recall "Babes in Toyland" and "The Wizard of Oz," deserves all the success that attended the last two named pieces. It is novel and amusing and its multi-colored scenes a delight to look upon. Its fun-making is free from vulgarity, yet the merriment never flags for a moment. As a Christmas entertainment for children it could not be improved upon.

The scene is laid in Santa Claus land at the North Pole. Jack Frost resents the coming of mere mortals in the land of Illusia and delights in turning them into ice. He is frustrated by an inventor who has a can of tropical atmosphere which thaws out his victims. A fairy prince loves Maida, a young girl hunting for the Wishing Pole, and another damsel named Stalacta is in love with an Arctic explorer. Other characters are Jack in the Box, the Candy Kid, a domesticated Polar bear; Santa Claus and Aurora Borealis. A unique and charming feature is a chorus number composed of six girls and half a dozen handsome and marvelously trained collie dogs. The costumes are gorgeous and the scenery elaborate and in good taste.

The piece is well acted. George Monroe, one of our funniest female impersonators, carries off the honors as the Queen. He is deliciously droll and keeps the house in a roar. He is well seconded by Anna Laughlin as the little Eskimo Kokomo, and by the vaudeville team of Bailey and Austin, who play Jack in the Box and Candy Kid, respectively.

BERKELEY LYCEUM. Arnold Daly in short plays.

Mr. Daly continues his experiment of making up an evening's entertainment of one-act plays. Others have tried their hand at the game and failed to secure enough patronage to make the venture pay. We hope Mr. Daly will be more successful. The most recent bill included a play from the French by Cosmo Gordon Lennox entitled "The Van Dyck"; Mme. Hanako, the Japanese actress in a comedy by W. Shiko called "A Japanese Lady," and a drama in one act from the French by Gladys Unger entitled "After the Opera." The best of these three features was the performance of Mme. Hanako, a remarkable little Japanese woman, who acts with unusual charm and cleverness the part of a diminutive maid servant who masquerades in her mistress' finery to the confusion of the latter's lover, who has come to kill her. The pantomimic skill with which the actress can convey every shade of meaning in the play is remarkable. The two other pieces, "The Van Dyck" and "After the Opera," are typically French, the one humorous, the other gruesome. Both are interesting and novel. Mr. Daly is supported by an excellent company.

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GERMAN THEATER. Dr. Baumfeld has been fortunate in presenting of late to his patrons several interesting novelties, notably "Die Grosse Gemeinde," by Leopold Lipschütz and Rudolph Lehner, produced October 15, is a clever German comedy, a variant upon the Gallic theme, *mouage à trois*. The first act finds Count Mariani, a rising politician, his wife, their friend Lordano, a banker, and his wife, Dr. Scarpa, the wealthy Marchesa da Mineto and her up-to-date daughter, Bice, staying at a fashionable hotel on the Lido near Venice. The Marchesa wants Mariani to marry her daughter, Bice, but Mariani, a bachelor, would rather make love to Flaminia, wife of his friend Lordano. The lady discourages Mariani but in such a way that he is encouraged to pursue her. Lordano's suspicions are aroused, and he bribes Fernando, Mariani's confidential servant, to steal one of his wife's love letters to Mariani. He tracks his wife to Mariani's apartments and surprises the guilty couple. The irony of this scene is delicious. According to the conventional exploitation of housekeeping for three, the outraged husband kills or is killed. But not here. Lordano Mannheim Marlow, explains to the assembled couple that he has no anger. On the contrary, he rejoices in the opportunity of making two people happy and that he purposes to divorce

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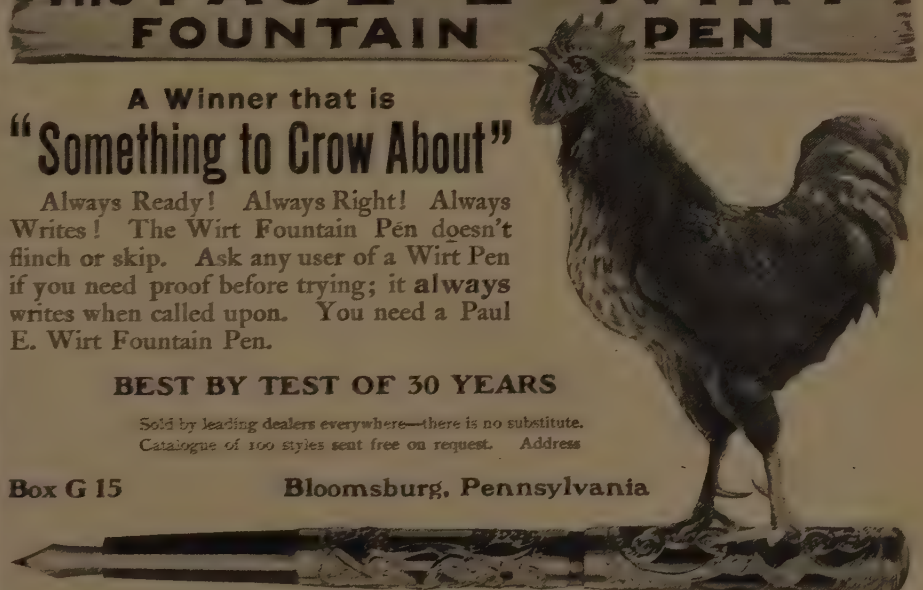
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The Current Plays in Caricature



TO OUR READERS: The above full-page cartoon drawn by the well-known caricaturist, Mr. Henry Harmony, shows the current plays on the American stage as seen by the professional humorist. We should like to get from our readers their opinion of the cartoon, and to know if it amuses them. If we find that it has their endorsement, the cartoon will be continued as a regular monthly feature of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.—THE EDITOR

his wife and hand her over to Mariani, who will, of course, make her his own wife. This dénouement closely resembles "John Gayde's Honor," which Mr. Hackett is presenting this season.

It is almost invidious to mention the "Cesara Colonna" of Ernest Sauer mann, except for the fact that the part has great possibilities of characterization which are wonderfully taken advantage of by this splendid comedian. The transition from the obsequious, fawning, yet proud Corsican, to the man who has stepped on Mariani's shoulders into pride and place, was as fine a piece of work as New York has seen for years.

Certainly the most successful productions up to date by Dr. Baumfeld's company have been the three one-act plays, "Die Letzten Masken" (The Last Mask), "Der Grune Kakadu" (At the Sign of the Green Parrot), and "Literatur" (Literature), all three by Arthur Schnitzler, of Vienna, the author of "The Reckoning," seen here last season with Miss Katherine Grey.

"Die Letzten Masken" is a gruesome little story and contains but one situation. It shows two dying men in a charity hospital. One, Florian Jackwerth, an actor, believes he is on the road to recovery when in reality he is dying on his feet; the other, Karl Rademacher, a journalist, is also dying and realizes that his end is also at hand. His one thought is to get square with Weighast, a poet, whom he hates because he sees in him the cause of his own failure in life. Rademacher (Sauer mann) has known Weighast's (Marlow) wife only too well and he (Rademacher) is possessed with such a frenzy of hatred for his rival in everything, that he determines to tell this tale to Weighast and die revenged. He tells this story to Jackwerth (Eugen Burg) and through him persuades one of the doctors to send for Weighast. The latter comes in evening dress, the picture of prosperity, to the dying pauper and, filled with his own importance, chatters to the moribund about his own success, interspersed with inquisitive demands why Rademacher has sent for him. This is the real drama of the playlet. Rademacher remains silent but gloating over the secret that lies within him, that the wife of this bumptious cad had been his mistress. Finally he dismisses his enemy with the statement that he only wished to see him before he died. Sauer mann as Rademacher was superb. His facial display evincing his contempt, hatred and secret triumph over Weighast, with only one spoken line, was a triumph of the fine art of acting.

The scene of "Die Grune Kakadu" (At the Sign of the Green Parrot) is laid in Paris coincident with the fall of the Bastille. It seems inspired by Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci," being, like the latter, a play within a play and having the same dénouement. "The Green Parrot" is an inn where bored aristocrats look for thrills in meeting supposed murderers and crooks who are in reality actors posing as such and hired by the innkeeper, an old theatrical manager, for the entertainment of his patrons. Comes also a real murder in the person of a released convict who has made away with his aunt and who adds a touch of realism, as it were, to the picture, by joining the company. Henri (August Weigert) has warned his mistress Leocadie (Ella Hofer). As the leader of the nobles there is the Duke de Cadignan. Henri entering begins to act his little play, the Duke then being absent. In the play Henri shows that he has killed the Duke because he had wronged his wife. At this moment the real duke enters. A chance word from one of the audience tells Henri that the Duke has in reality been intimate with Leocadie and he forthwith stabs de Cadignan to the heart.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
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Puccini's Opera "Manon Lescaut"

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

In the November Theatre Charles Veileger asks when and where Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" was first sung in the United States. The work was produced for the first time in America at the Tivoli Opera House, San Francisco, Wednesday, September 13, 1905, with the following cast: Manon Lescaut, Signorina Ticci; Lescaut, sergeant of the guards, Signor Moreo; The Chevalier des Grieux, Signor Coppola; Geronte di Ravair, treasurer-general, Signor Dado; Edmondo, a student, Signorina Aubert; The Innkeeper, Signor Cervi; A Singer, Signorina Holmes; The Dancing Master, Signor Cervi; A Lamp Lighter, Signor Valerga; Sergeant of the Royal Archers, Signor Perron; Captain in the Navy, Signor Cervi; Hair Dresser, Signor Gianetto.

Yours truly,

JOSEPHINE YOUNG.

OMAHA, NEB., Nov. 3, 1907.

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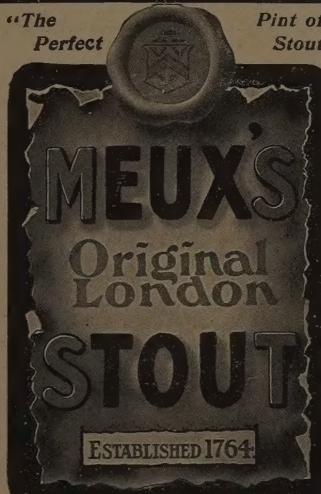
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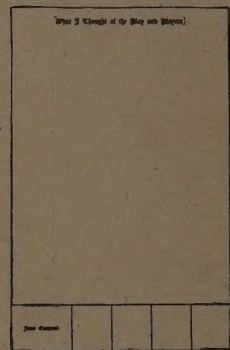
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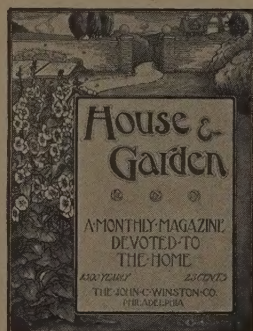


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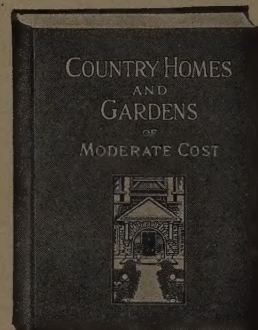
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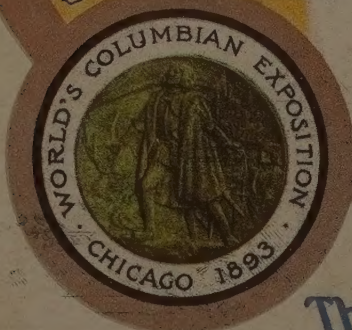
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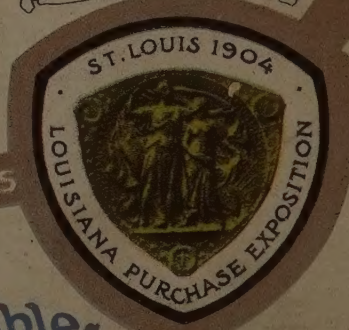
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